THIRD READER

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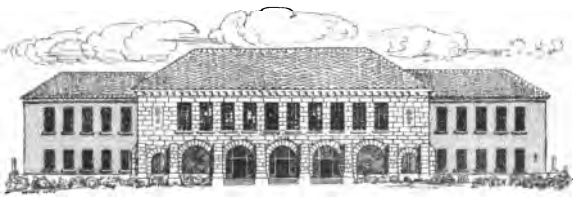

GOLDEN TREASURY READERS

THIRD READER

BY

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W. P. 2

PREFACE

THE same general principles that underlie the earlier books of this series have been kept constantly in mind in the preparation of this Third Reader.

Subject Matter. — The material for this book has been chosen with a view to cultivating a taste for the best literature. Real child literature has been used throughout, and a large part of it is fresh and new, to both teacher and child. Nothing has been inserted for the sake of instructing the child in various branches of learning. The purpose here has been to satisfy the natural desire of the child for live things, for the beautiful out-of-door world and the world of the imagination. Accordingly, everything is full of action. Not only human beings, but plants, animals, wind, moon, and fairies speak in a language that is real and appealing to the child mind.

The Illustrations. — The illustrations are an essential part of the subject matter and of the method of this Third Reader. The purpose is not only to foster a love of good reading, but to cultivate a refined taste. Nothing is more effective to this end than refined pictures which really appeal to the child's imagination. The pictures, therefore, not only serve to arouse interest in the subject matter, but also fill the child mind with higher ideals and a truer appreciation of the beautiful in life.

The Method. — It is taken for granted that the child has, by this time, mastered the mechanics of reading. If, for any reason, he has failed to do so, the interest which this book will naturally arouse, should soon lead him to the desired goal. For that reason phonic exercises have been omitted.

Language work is now of growing importance, and should advance with the child's advancement in reading. His increased ability to read and enjoy stories should lead to increased delight in relating and in writing stories. This inevitably means advancement in expression. The language lessons are placed directly after the stories upon which they are based. They lay stress upon the things the child needs to know; and, at the same time, bring his interest and activity into play. These exercises should be supplemented by the teacher; and pupils should be led to suggest and carry out language work for themselves.

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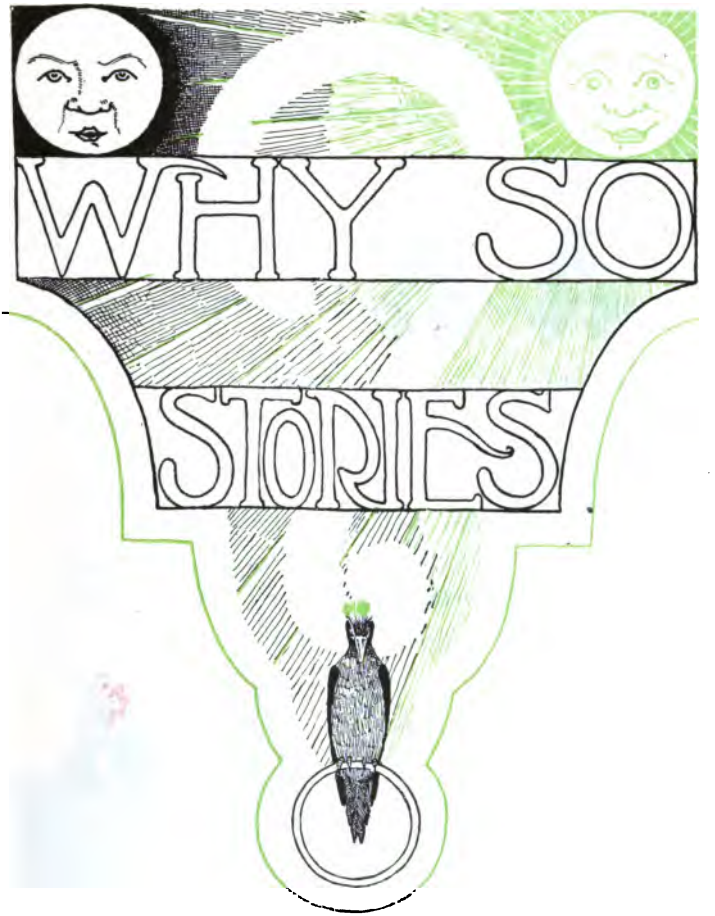

WHY SO
STORIES

I wonder why, I wonder why,
So many things are bigger than I:
Why the sea is salt, and the rivers are not;
Why the moon is cold, and the sun is hot;
Why the robin's breast is a flaming red,
And the woodpecker wears a cap on his head.
There are hundreds of things I wonder about,
And I'd like to find a few of them out.

A DREAM OF ELVES

I dreamed last night, I dreamed of elves,
Who almost never show themselves.
And some folks say, there's no such thing;
And some have seen their dancing ring.

But whether folks be right or not,
I saw them in a lonely spot.
And they were black as black could be,
All dancing round a sawed-off tree.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
They danced there in the purple light;
Then all at once the moon looked on,
And suddenly the elves were gone.

WHY THE WOODPECKER WEARS A RED CAP

In the far-off times when wonderful things were common, the good saints, it is said, wandered about the earth doing good. They went even into the cold northland, where the days are short and the nights are long; where there is snow nearly all the year; where only a few trees grow, and those are evergreens.

Saint Peter, the legend tells us, himself once went into this country to preach to the people. Many kind things he did, and most of the people were glad of his coming and did whatever they could for him. They wished to show him how thankful they were.

One day, however, Saint Peter found a woman who was too selfish to be kind. He had been walking all day, and was weary and faint from hunger. Just at sunset he came to the door of a cottage. Inside he saw a little old woman with a red cap on her head. She was baking cakes on the hearth, and did not notice Saint Peter.

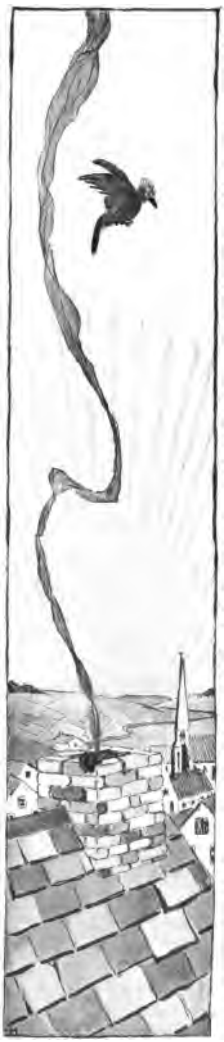
"Good evening," he said, stepping inside the cottage door; "will you kindly give me one of

your cakes? I am weary. I have traveled far to-day, and have had nothing to eat."

The old woman, whose name was Gertrude, was startled to hear this strange voice. She

turned and looked sharply at Saint Peter. She saw his kindly face and his great weariness; yet she did not bid him welcome, nor even answer his question.

Without a word she went on with her cakes. Taking a tiny piece of dough, she began to roll



it out. It soon became so big that it filled the whole board.

"No," she said to herself, "that is too big, he shall not have that one; I need it myself."

Then she took a still smaller piece and rolled it out as thin as she could. That also seemed too big for her to give away; so the greedy woman tried once more, but again the cake was too big.

"No, I have nothing for you," she said at last. "I want them for myself. You will have to go without."

Saint Peter had been waiting patiently, hoping that the woman would have pity on his need. Now he could hold his peace no longer.

"You are a very selfish woman," he said, "not to be willing to share your cakes with a hungry man, when you have so many. You are not worthy to be a human being.

So you shall no longer have your warm fires and your good food. Henceforth you shall build your home as the birds do. You shall seek your food under the bark of the trees. You shall have to bore all day long in the hard, dry wood for bugs and worms. Nor shall you have anything to drink except when it rains."

And before the old woman could utter a word, she disappeared up through the chimney. From out of the top came a woodpecker with a scarlet cap on its head. The cap was all that had been left of the old woman; for the rest of her clothes had been burned as black as a coal in the flame of the fireplace.

Before the winter was over, the woodpecker learned what it meant to be weary and hungry and cold. Once she got caught in the snow and was held there all night. She had become so cold that the feathers on her breast and a large part of her tail and wings had turned white.

She thought then that it would

be better to live where it is warm. So she flew away from the cold north. Her black feathers have since that time become dark blue. You can see her often in the woods boring in the trees for worms, or hear her tapping on the hard limbs with her bill.

Write or tell a short story for each question: —

1. Where is it said the saints used to wander?
2. Why did Saint Peter go into the cold northland?
3. Where did Saint Peter stop one evening?
4. Why would Gertrude not give Saint Peter a cake?
5. What did Saint Peter say to the selfish woman?
6. What happened to this selfish woman?
7. How did the woodpecker come to have white feathers on her breast and wings?
8. How does the woodpecker get her food?
9. Why did the woodpecker fly away from the northland?
10. Why has the woodpecker a red cap?

THE BEE'S SECRET

Honeybee, honeybee, where are you going?
To fill my basket with precious pelf,
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself,
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose —
'Tis a secret worth the knowing.

TO MARKET I GO

The winter is over, my nuts are all gone;
So off to the market I go.
But if on my way to a corncrib I stray,
I'll breakfast three times before dawn;
Singing hi, singing ho, let it rain, shine, or snow,
As off to the market I go.

If you pass through a field of buckwheat after a storm, you will see that it looks burned. It is as black as if fire had passed over it. The farmer would tell you that the lightning had done it.

But how could the lightning do it? This is the story that the sparrow told me. The sparrow heard the story from an old willow tree, which grew close to a field of buckwheat.

The willow tree is tall and stately, but at the same time it is old and wrinkled. Its trunk is split from top to bottom. Grass and weeds are growing out of it. The tree bends forward, and its slender branches hang almost to the ground.

In the fields round about the willow tree, several kinds of grain were growing, — rye, wheat, and

oats — the beautiful oats, with large, yellow heads. The harvest was plentiful. The larger the oats grew, the lower they bent their heads in pious humility.

But there was also a field of buckwheat lying very near the old willow tree. The buckwheat did not bow its head like the oats, but stood very stiff and proud.

"I am quite as rich as the wheat," he boasted, "and besides, I am much more handsome. My flowers are as pretty as apple blossoms. It is a treat to look at me and my companions. Do you know anything, old willow tree, more beautiful than we are?"

The willow tree nodded its head as if to say, "Yes, indeed I do." But the buckwheat was puffed up with pride.

"The stupid old tree!" he muttered. "This willow is so old that grass is growing out of his body."

Soon afterwards there came a dreadful storm. All the flowers of the field folded their leaves and bent their heads while the storm passed over them. The buckwheat, however, in his pride stood straight, refusing to bend.

"Bend your head as we do," said the flowers.

"There is no need of my doing that," replied the buckwheat.

"Bow your head as we do," said the corn. "The angel of storms comes flying over us. His strong winds reach from the clouds to the earth. He will strike you down before you have time to think."

"No, I will not bow myself down," said the buckwheat.

"Close your flowers and fold your leaves," said the old willow tree, "and do not look into the flash when the cloud breaks."

"No!" cried the buckwheat. "I will look right into the very lightning." And in his pride he did gaze upon the lightning without shrinking. The flash was so bright that it seemed as if the whole world was on fire. But the bowed heads did not look up.

Soon the tempest was over, and the flowers and the corn were greatly refreshed by the rain. They raised their heads again. How sweet it was to breathe the pure air! But the buckwheat had been burned as black as a coal. He stood there

on the field, broken, dead, and useless. All his pride was gone.

The old willow tree waved its branches to and fro in the wind. Large drops of water fell from the green leaves, as though the tree wept.

"Why do you weep?" the sparrows seemed to ask. "It is so beautiful here. See how the sun shines, how the clouds pass over the clear sky, how sweet the flowers are! Why do you weep, then, old willow tree?"

The willow tree told of the buckwheat's pride and of the punishment it had received. He seemed very sorry for the foolish buckwheat.

I, who tell this story, heard it from the sparrows. They told it to me one evening when I had asked them for a tale.

Write a story of three or four sentences about one of the following things: —

1. The Sparrows.
2. The Old Willow Tree.
3. The Proud Buckwheat.
4. The Humble Plants.
5. The Storm.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed!"

—Susan Coolidge.

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long, in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late at night, when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHY THE ROBIN HAS A RED BREAST

Part I

Among the Indians there was a strange custom. When a son grew old enough to become a man, he was compelled to fast twelve long days. The Indians believed that the great Manitou would come and give him strength and courage, and make him a great warrior.

Once a great chief had a son who was kind and gentle. He did not believe in war. He wished to be helpful to men, and to make them happy.

At last the time came for him to fast. He begged his father, however, to spare him the long trial. It was not because he was afraid. Indeed, he was very brave; but he did not wish to become bold and warlike.

His father, however, would not listen to his prayer. So the two set out for a lonely lodge on the far side of the forest. There the gentle youth was to spend the twelve days alone.

Every morning the chief came to see his son. Each time he spoke words of cheer to him. The gentle boy, however, still sought to be allowed to

return to his people. He wished to help them to be kind and gentle.

It was useless. His father wished him to be a great warrior. Eleven days passed. The boy, at last, prayed to the great Manitou to make him useful to men.

"Oh, make me not cruel!" he cried. "Fill my heart with love and usefulness, that I may be a blessing to all men."

The great Manitou heard his prayer. When the chief returned to the lodge the next morning, his son was nowhere to be found. In his stead there was a little brown bird, such as he had never seen before.

In his surprise and anger, the chief drew an arrow to slay the bird. But the bird spoke to him with a human voice.

"Do not shoot," it said. "I am your son. The great Manitou changed me into a bird that I might help mankind. I shall never be a great warrior, but I shall be ever near my people. My food I shall get from the fields and hillsides, and I shall be helpful to men in getting it. Go, my father; go and teach thy people to be more loving, more gentle."

Slowly and sorrowfully the old chief returned to his wigwam. All the way he kept hearing the words, "Be more loving, be more gentle."

Part II

Days passed. The great chief did not walk among his warriors as he used to do. He remained in his wigwam, silent and thoughtful.

Every morning he heard the chirp of the little brown bird outside. It seemed always to be speaking to him.

"Be more loving, be more gentle," it said.

"One can be brave without being a warrior. Be brave and gentle and loving."

"Our great chief," the people said, "is grieving for his son. Soon he will be himself again, and we shall go out and slay our enemies."

At last the chief came forth, but not to fight and slay his enemies. He called the chief men to him in council.

"My braves," he said, "I can no longer be your chief. I am going to the other side of the forest to live in the lonely lodge. Choose another chief. But forget the warpath, and be kind and gentle."

So saying, the great chief departed to live in the lodge in which his son had been changed into a robin. He no longer got his food by killing birds and animals. He planted corn and other things, and the birds came and helped take care of them. They ate the bugs and harmful insects. The things that the man planted always grew and were plentiful.

The former chief was kind to the birds, and learned their language. When food was scarce, he fed them, and they became his best friends.

Both man and birds were brave and gentle and loving.

Every day, at sunrise, the birds sang to him "good morning"; and at sunset, they sang "good night."

But the man loved best the little brown birds, and they seemed to love him best. The other birds followed the example of the little brown birds.

The warriors on the other side of the forest murmured greatly when their chief left them. They murmured more when some of their number forsook the warpath, and became kind and gentle.

As the years went by, they began to hate their old chief. The warriors were becoming fewer and fewer.

At last they decided to capture their former chief and put him to death. His example was bad, they thought. So a hundred braves marched off through the forest to the lonely lodge. They took the friend of birds and animals, and bound him.

When the birds saw what had happened, there was a great noise in the treetops. They scolded,

and flew about from branch to branch wildly. Some of the little brown birds flew down into the faces of the Indians who were binding their gentle friend.

The next day the old chief was led out and bound to a tree, and five Indians were chosen to pierce his heart with arrows.

The birds were in despair. What could they do to save their friend? Surely they must do something. The warriors were drawing their bows. And now they were ready to let go the arrows.

But just as the arrows left the bow strings, five brave little brown birds flew down against their very points. The arrows were all turned aside, and the friend of the birds was unharmed. But all five little birds were wounded. The blood ran out and stained their feathers.

The five warriors fitted arrows to their bows again. But again five little brown birds flew against their arrows and turned them aside. And all five of these little brown birds were slightly wounded, and the blood stained their breasts.

Once more the warriors drew their bows. But once more the little brown birds turned the arrows aside. Their breasts, too, were stained with blood like the others. Then the chief of the warriors spoke.

"The great Manitou," he said, "is over this man. It is his will that we do him no harm. Unbind him and let him go."

So the friend of the birds went back to his lodge. All the little wounded birds came to him, and he cared for them. Soon all were well and happy again; but their breasts remained red. All the descendants of those brave little birds have had red feathers on their breasts, and people call them Robin Redbreasts.

Write the sentences below, putting proper words in the blank places: —

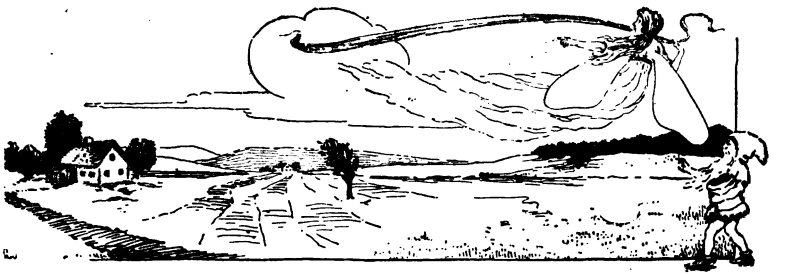
1. An old Indian —— had a ——.
2. The chief —— his son to become a great ——.
3. The old chief's son wished to be —— and ——, not —— and ——.
4. The chief led his son to a —— on the —— side of the forest.
5. In this lodge the son was to —— for —— days.
6. On the —— day the great —— changed the lad into a —— —— bird.

Lowell School, Utica, N.Y.
April 10, 1910.

Dear Mother:

We have been reading a pretty story, which tells why the robin's breast is red. I am going to tell the story to you.

Write a letter to your mother. On the first line, place the name of your school and of the city and state in which you live. On the second line, place the date, as above. Then write the letter, using the beginning given here, and going on with the story.



THE TWO SEEDS

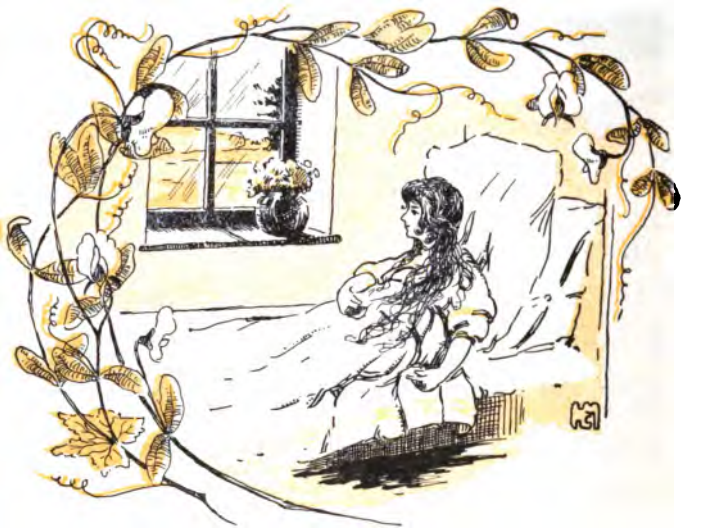
The fruit-laden winds of the autumn blew
And two small seeds in a garden threw,
Then buried them deep on the lifeless ground
With all the dead leaves and stems to be found.

Then the hoarfrost came, and the sleet and snow,
And over the garden did reveling go;
But the seeds slept on in their rose-leaf bed
Until the winter was up and fled.

And then they sprang forth in the morning light,
And drank their fill from the tears of night,
Till their young leaves swelled with the breath of spring
As it filled the world in its wandering.

One of them grew, made rich with the dower
And promise of being a perfect flower,

Enjoying the blessings it each day won
From the gentle rain and the patient sun.



Not a soul ever passed the flower by
But felt the joy of its presence nigh.
And the bees that lodged on its slender tips
Grew sweet with the dew from its lovely lips.

But there entered the garden a hand one day,
And plucked the blossoms and bore them away
To cheer with the beauty and sweet of their bloom
The lonely hours of a sick child's room.

But others sprang up in the vacant place
And filled it full with their radiant grace;
Yet the plant gave cheerfully all it had
To make the heart of the young child glad.

A blessing to earth was this little flower,
So pure and so gentle, so great in its power,
As long as the summer gave to it breath,
And then it folded its leaves in death.

But, alas, the other and comelier seed
Developed to be but an ugly weed;
All ragged and dark and worthless and tall,
It thrust out its branches unloved of all.

It drank up the rain and the morning dew,
And the sunshine out of the heavens blue;
Yet it only cumbered the ground where it stood,
Ill-shapen and poisonous, void of all good.

Long ago there lived not far from the sea two brothers. One was rich and the other very poor.

It was just before Christmas; and the poor man had nothing in the house for his children to eat. He went to his rich brother and asked him for something. The rich brother only grew angry when he heard the request. But every one makes presents at Christmas time; so he took a ham and threw it at his brother.

"Go away," he said, "and never let me see you again."

The poor man thanked his rich brother for the ham, and started on his way home. He had to go through a great forest. In the midst of it he saw an old man cutting wood.

"Good evening," he said to the woodcutter.

"Good evening," replied the old man, "you have a fine ham under your arm. Where did you get it?"

The poor man told him all about it, not even omitting the unkindness of his brother.

"It is lucky for you," went on the old man, "that you have met me. You can become the richest man in the world if you will do as I tell you."

"I will gladly do whatever you say," said the poor man. "I have a large family at home, and they need a great many things. Just tell me what to do."

"Not a great way from here," the woodcutter said, "is the entrance to the land of dwarfs. If you would be rich, take the ham and sell it to them. The entrance to their land is under yon great tree.

"Dwarfs like ham very much, and can rarely get it. But you must not sell the ham to them for money. Sell it only for the old handmill that stands behind the door. As soon as you get the mill, come to me. I will teach you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, and they set out for the tree. When they arrived at the foot of the tree, the woodcutter lifted up a large stone which covered the opening. This was the door to the land of the dwarfs.

"Now," said the woodcutter, "enter this door boldly, and you will find yourself in the presence of the dwarfs."

As soon as the poor man entered, the dwarfs smelled the ham, and came running to him.

"We wish to buy that ham of you," they shouted. "We will give you gold and silver for it."

"No," said the man, "I will not sell it for silver and gold; only for the old handmill that stands behind the door."

The dwarfs were astonished and shook their heads.

"Well," said the poor man, "if you do not wish to buy the ham, I will leave you."

The odor of the ham, however, had filled all parts of the land of the dwarfs. From every direction the little men came running up, eager to buy the ham.

"Give him the mill," said the king, at last. "It is broken, and he will not be able to use it. Give it to him, for we must have the ham."

So the ham was sold, and the poor man took the mill, which was worth less than the ham. He made his way back into the woods. Here he met the old woodcutter, who taught him how to use the mill.

It was midnight before he reached home. His wife was very glad to see him, for it was very cold, and there was no wood for the fire. She had had nothing to eat all day, and the children had gone to bed hungry.

When her husband told her that he had nothing but the old handmill, she began to weep bitterly.

"Weep not, my wife," he said, trying to comfort her; "for we are better off than you think."

He placed the little handmill on the table and began to turn the crank. As he turned it round and round, he wished for light, fire, and something good to eat. Suddenly a lighted candle, a fire, and a fine supper came out of the mill. At this his wife was greatly astonished, and ceased crying.

Then the good man wished for a tablecloth, dishes, spoons, knives, and forks, and as he turned the crank, they also came out. He himself was greatly astonished at his good fortune. The children were awakened, and they all sat down to a fine supper. Afterward they ground out of the mill everything they needed to make themselves warm and comfortable.

Next day, when the people went by to church, they were all astonished to see glass in the windows, instead of wooden shutters. And when the poor man and his family appeared at church in new clothes, they were still more astonished.

"This is very strange," they all said. "This man seems to have become rich all at once."

"It is very strange, indeed," said the rich brother to himself, as he saw what had happened.

Three days later he was invited to take dinner at the house. What a feast it was! The table was covered with linen as white as snow, and the dishes were all silver and gold. The rich man himself did not have such fine things.

"Where did you get all these things?" he

asked. "I have never seen their like in my life."

His brother told him how he had met the woodcutter in the forest, and how he had sold the ham for the little handmill to the dwarfs. He placed the mill on the table before the astonished man.

Then he ground out shoes and clothing for the poor people who had come to his house to see the feast.

He made all of them happy, all except his rich brother, who was envious and wished to borrow the mill. He wished to get it that he might keep

it for himself. His brother, however, was too wise to lend it to him, for the old man in the woods had told him never to sell it or lend it.

After some years the owner of the mill built a splendid castle by the sea. Here many people came to visit him that they might see the wonderful mill. Here also came the poor, day after day. The owner of the castle gave them whatever they needed to make them comfortable and happy. Everybody in the country loved him for his kindness, and praised him and his little mill.

One day a rich merchant came to visit the owner of the castle. He thought the mill a very poor little thing, but wished to know all about it.

"Will it grind out salt?" he inquired, for he was a salt merchant.

"Yes," replied the owner, "it will grind out anything that I wish."

The merchant desired to buy the mill, but the owner would not sell it. He wished to keep it that he might use it for the many poor people who lived about him.

The merchant, however, bribed one of the servants, who helped him to steal the mill. He carried it aboard his ship and sailed away with it. As soon as he was outside of land, and was no longer afraid of being caught, he brought the mill from its hiding place and set it to work.

"Grind salt," he said, "only salt, nothing but salt."

The mill began to grind, and the salt came tumbling out. Great was the astonishment of the merchant that so small a mill could grind out so much salt.

Out and out it came, more and more, until there were great piles; and the men began to shovel it into the hold of the ship. Still the mill did not stop, but went on grinding, until finally the ship was full of salt. There was hardly room for the sailors to move about.

"Stop grinding now," said the merchant; "I have salt enough for the present."

The mill, however, paid no attention to the command of the merchant, for he was not its rightful owner. It simply kept on grinding out salt. The ship was so full that the water was ready to

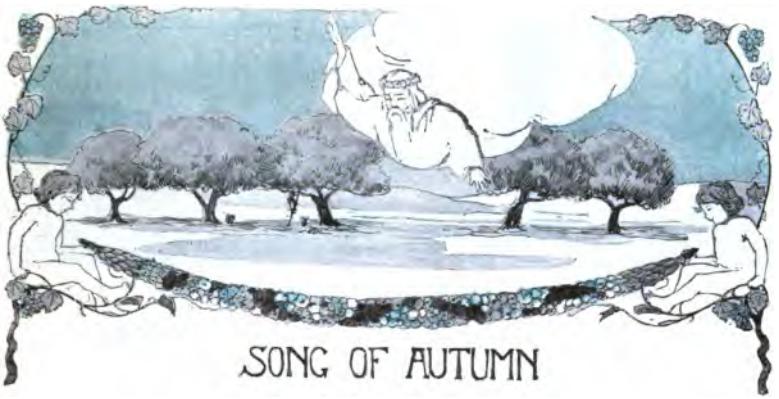
overflow it. Still the little mill kept on grinding.

Finally, there was so much salt on the ship that it could not float any longer, and sank to the bottom of the sea.

The little mill kept on grinding and is still grinding to this very day. That is why the sea is salt.

Tell a short story for each question: —

1. Why did the poor man go to his rich brother?
2. What did the rich brother say to the poor man?
3. What happened to the poor man on his way home?
4. What kind of mill did the poor man get from the dwarfs?
5. What did the poor man do when he arrived home?
6. Who came one day to see the man who had been poor? Who else?
7. How did the owner of the mill make himself useful?
8. What finally happened to the mill?



SONG OF AUTUMN

I come on the wings of the south wind;
On the wings of the south and east;
I tarry in forest and meadow,
And spread out my harvest feast.

I am life, I am death, and harvest;
The soul of the summer and spring;
The end of their budding and blooming;
Of the months and the years I am king.

My coffers are full; I give freely
To the strong and the weak as well;
To man, and the birds of the meadow,
The squirrel and fox in the dell.

For mine are the barley and wheat fields,
The apples of red and green,

The chestnuts of brown on the hilltops,
And the fields of corn between.

For me grapes in purple cluster
Hang low on the laden vine;
And orchards of pears and peaches
Their garlanded heads incline.

I bring unto all a blessing
From inland lake to sea;
I strew the highlands with plenty,
The valleys I fill with glee.

No dingle may lie so hidden
That I do not spy it out,
And fill with the wealth of my treasures
Each distant and secret redoubt.

For all countries are my dominions,
From pole to equator and pole;
And my courses are swift as the lightnings
To bear me from goal to goal.

Then I flee on the wings of the north wind,
On the wings of the north and west;
And leave to the keeping of winter
The lands that I have blest.

—C. M. S.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—Alice Cary.

WHY HASSAN BECAME CHIEF STEWARD

There was once a king of Persia who took delight in doing common things in very uncommon ways.

At one time he was in need of a man who would always do just what he was told to do. He took a very strange way to find him.

He sent out word that he wanted a man to work for him in his garden. More than a hundred came. From among them he chose the two who seemed to be the brightest and quickest. He showed them a large basket in the garden, and told them to fill it with water from a certain well.

After they had begun their work, he left them.

"When the sun is down," he said, "I shall come and see your work. If I find that you have done it well, I shall pay you."

For a little while the two men carried water and poured it into the basket, without thinking much about it. But at last one of them grew tired.

"What's the use of doing this foolish work?"

he said. "We can never fill the basket, for the water runs out of it as fast as we pour it in."

"That is none of our business," said the other man, whose name was Hassan. "The king has hired us to carry the water, and he must know why he wants it done. And then he has told us that if we do our work well, we shall be paid for it. What more could we wish?"

"You may do as you please," said the first man, "but I am not going to work at anything so foolish." And with that, he threw down his bucket and went away.

Hassan said not a word, but kept on carrying water all day long. He was very tired, but still he would not give up. At sunset the well was almost empty.

As he poured the last bucketful into the basket, he saw something in it that was very bright. He stooped and picked it up. It was a beautiful gold ring.

"Now I see the use of all this work," he said. "If the king had told me to empty the well, I would have poured the water on the ground, and the ring would not have been found."

Just then the king came. As soon as he saw the ring, he knew that he had found the kind of man he wanted. He told Hassan to keep the ring for himself.

"You have done so well in this one little thing," he said, "that now I know I can trust you with many things. You shall be the first of all my servants."

Write each sentence below with the words now in italics placed at the beginning. Does the sentence seem better in that form?

1. The king of Persia was *at one time* in need of a man that would do just what he was told to do.

2. More than a hundred came to him *next morning.*

3. He picked out the two brightest *from among them.*

4. The king left them *after they had begun their work.*

5. The well was almost empty *at sunset.*

6. Hassan saw something in the basket, *as he poured out the last bucketful.*

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a twinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"—

Up from the sea where floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,

As though they were groaning in anguish, and
moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never
a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray
mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in
trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered
grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here, —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— Edith M. Thomas.

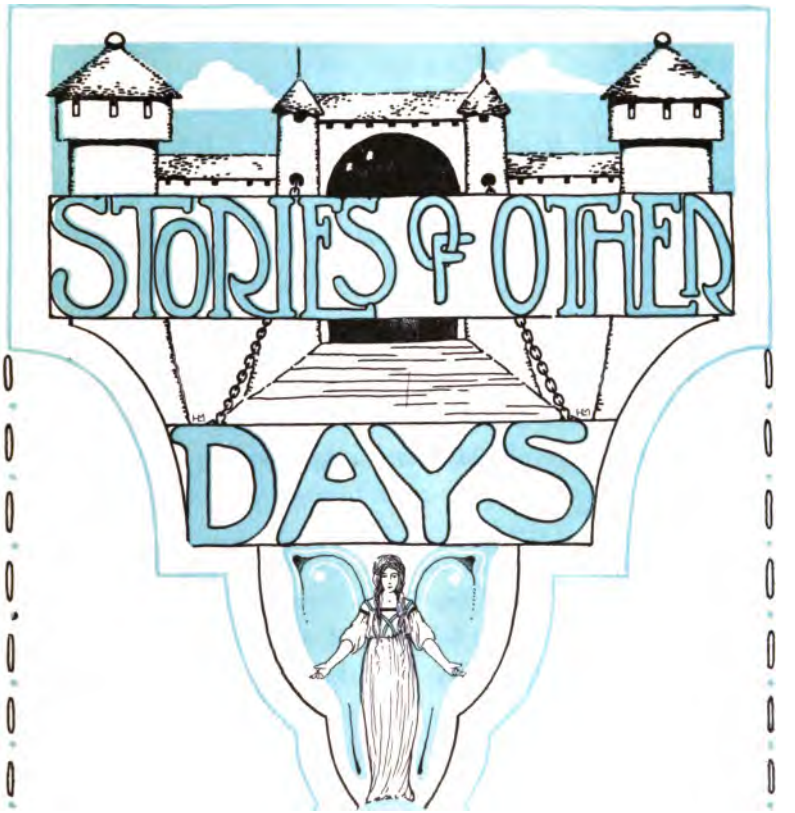
THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked loud enough to be heard,
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird."

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No,"
But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought the tree, and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

— Grace F. Coolidge.


STORIES OF OTHER
DAYS

I wish I had lived in olden days,
When people had more simple ways;
When animals talked,
And spirits walked
Or flitted about through all the world;
When a fairy lay in each rosebud curled.
What a wonderful place it must have been
For a girl or boy to be happy in!

A LETTER OF THOMAS HOOD

St. John's Wood, April 15, 1844.

My dear May:

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly. I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face well shaved.

Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only want roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money. . . .

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh until I grow fat, or at least streaky.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss, I remain, uphill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

Thomas Hood.

Answer each of the following questions: —

1. If this letter had been written in your state, what would come after *St. John's Wood?*

2. What kind of person do you think May was? How old?

3. What kind of things do you think May liked?

4. Why do you think she liked Thomas Hood?

5. Imagine that you are May, and write an answer to this letter of Thomas Hood. Be sure to put your home address and the date at the top. Begin and close the letter properly.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about;
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon —
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar;
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

Many, many years ago the people in Germany lived in little towns with high walls around them. They built walls around their towns because they had quarrels with other towns. The walls protected them against their enemies.

Sometimes people kept beehives on the high walls. The bees could fly away into the fields outside and gather honey. There were not many flowers inside the city to get honey from.

One morning two baker boys were hungry. They had to get up very early. Some fine rolls had just been taken from the oven. The boys thought it would be fine to have some rolls and honey.

"Let's go up on the walls and get some honey out of one of the hives," said John.

"But the bees will sting us," answered James. "Besides, the watchman on the walls might see us. Then we would be in trouble of another kind."

John, however, persuaded James to go. The two boys stole out of the shop, and ran across the street.

In a few minutes they were creeping up the stair that led to the top of the wall.

There was no watchman to be seen. He had gotten sleepy, probably, and had gone somewhere to sleep. But there was a noise coming from somewhere.

The boys listened, but all

was quiet again. They made their way quietly along the wall till they came to the hives.

Then they covered their faces and got ready to rob the bees of their treasure. John was just lifting the top from one of the hives, when he heard another strange noise. He dropped the hive hurriedly.

The noise seemed to come from the outside of the wall. The boys looked over and saw a small army. It was the people of Linz, who had come to attack the town.

Both boys were terribly frightened at first. They saw, however, that something must be done to save the town.

"James," said John, "you run quickly and ring the bell. I will tumble the beehives down on their heads."

James did as he was told. John pushed a hive over the wall. It fell on the leader's head and went to pieces. The bees were angry at being disturbed in this way, and flew at the men and stung their hands and faces, so that they were glad to run away.

Another beehive came tumbling down, and

then another. The angry bees put the whole army to flight.

By this time the bell had called the people out to defend the town. But the army had already departed. The two boys and the bees had saved the town.

The boys were not punished. Instead, the people praised them for their wise acts. It was decided to erect a monument in their honor.

One of the boys afterwards became mayor of the city. The other was long known as the most famous baker of his time.

— A Rhine Legend.

Write a story of three or four sentences about one of the following : —

1. A Town in Germany Long Ago.
2. James and John.
3. How the Town was Saved.

JACK FROST

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost had got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And, yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
  And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers; and all the things
  You see when you are sound asleep.

For, creeping softly underneath
  The door, when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
  And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
  In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
  The lovely things you saw in dream.

— Gabriel Setoun.

Part I

Once there was a man who had but very little money. With this he set out to make his fortune in the world. After traveling for some time, he came to a small town. As he was passing along the street, he saw some boys, who were running together, shouting and laughing. He stopped and asked them what the matter was.

"Oh," said they, "we have a mouse, which we are trying to teach to dance! We think it will be great sport."

"Let it go, my boys," said the man, who pitied the poor mouse, "and I will pay you well."

He gave them several pieces of money, and they

set the poor little creature free. Once loose, it ran as fast as it could into a hole close by. After leaving this place, the man went to another town. Here he saw some boys playing with a monkey. They were making it perform all sorts of tricks, without letting the poor creature rest.

"Let the monkey go," said the man, "and I will give you money."

The boys did as he said, and after paying them, the traveler went on. After some days he came to a third town, where he saw several boys forcing a bear to dance, although he was in chains. They also compelled him to stand up and walk like a man. Some-

times he growled. This seemed to amuse the boys so much the more. The stranger bought the bear also and set him free. The bear seemed very much pleased to find himself free, and walked away.

The man found to his surprise that he had spent all his money. There was not a penny left in his pocket. He was weary and hungry, but had nothing with which to buy food. At last he was nearly dead with hunger and was tempted to steal. No one would give him anything to eat. He took a small cake from a baker. Then he was caught by one of the king's guards and put into a strong chest, which was thrown into the water.

There were many holes in the lid of the chest for the air to come through; there were also a jug of water and a loaf of bread inside the chest. These, however, would not keep him alive long.

The poor man was in great distress of body and mind. His limbs were very much cramped. He was afraid, too, that he would soon die of hunger and thirst. As he lay still, thinking over these things, he heard the sound of gnawing on the outside of the chest. He listened, and it

seemed to him that he heard more than one creature working at the lid.

He waited, and it was not very long before the lock of the chest gave way and the lid flew open.

As he sat up, he beheld the mouse and the monkey and the bear which he had freed. It was they who had opened the chest, because he had helped them. The man did not know what to say or do. Neither the mouse nor the monkey nor the bear seemed to know what to do next. They just stood still and waited. As they stood there thinking, a white, egg-shaped stone fell into the water before them.

"This has come just at the right moment," said the bear, "for it is a magic stone and will take its owner wherever he wishes to go."

The man reached down and picked up the stone. As he held it in his hand, he wished that he were in a castle with gardens and stables. He

had no sooner wished, than he found himself in a castle with just such gardens and stables as he had dreamed of. Everything about him was beautiful, so beautiful that he could not admire it enough. How he enjoyed himself!

Part II

One day several merchants happened to be passing the castle. As they were going by the castle, they saw the beautiful grounds and stables, and admired them very much.

"Look!" cried one of them. "See this grand castle standing here. A few days ago there was nothing here but a dreary waste of sand. Not even weeds were to be seen!"

They went into the castle and asked the man how he had built the palace so quickly. He told them that it was not his work, but that it had been done by his wonderful magic stone.

"That is strange," said the merchants. "It must be a wonderful stone indeed, if it can do such wonderful things." They wished to behold the stone. The man brought it out and showed it

to them. They were greatly pleased with it and asked if he would sell it.

They offered him all the beautiful things they had with them—gold, jewels, fine linen, and many other desirable things. These things pleased the man's fancy. Indeed, he thought they would be

more useful to him than the magic stone. So he gave the stone to them, taking in exchange all the goods which they had.

What a great mistake he had made! Scarcely had the wonderful stone left his hand when the gold, and jewels, and fine linen disappeared, and he found himself again in the chest, floating upon water. All he had was the jug of water and the loaf of bread which had been there before.

Now the mouse, the monkey, and the bear, being very faithful, saw all that had happened and

came to help the poor man. They could not unfasten the lock, because it was so much stronger than the former one had been. They began to think what they should do.

"We must get the magic stone again," said the bear. "We can do nothing without it."

It happened that the merchants who had bought the magic stone remained at the castle. They thought it a very pleasant place to live. So the mouse, and the monkey, and the bear set out for the castle.

"Now you must peek through the keyhole," said the bear to the mouse, as soon as they had arrived, "to see what is going on. You are so small that no one will notice you."

The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back very much frightened.

"It is of no use," she said. "I have peeped in, but the magic stone hangs below the mirror on a red ribbon. Besides, there are two great cats with great, wide eyes sitting near to watch it."

"Do not be afraid," said the bear and the monkey. "Just go back again and wait till the master goes to bed and falls asleep. Then crawl in and

spring upon the bed. Pull him by the nose and bite off some of his whiskers."

The mouse crept in through the hole and did as she had been told. The master woke up in a great passion and rubbed his nose.

"These cats," said he, "are good for nothing. All they do is to sleep and let the mice come in as they please, so that the very hair is not safe on our heads." So he got up and in his anger drove the cats away.

The next night, when the master went to sleep, there were no cats to watch the magic stone. Quietly the mouse crept in again and gnawed at the red ribbon until it was so weak that it broke, and the stone fell to the floor. The little mouse then pushed it out through the crack under the door. In this she might not have succeeded, for it got caught under the door, but she called the monkey, and he pulled it out for her. Then they departed, carrying the wonderful stone down to the water.

"How," asked the monkey, "shall we get at the chest now?"

"Oh," answered the bear, "that is quite easy. You, my dear monkey, shall get upon my back,

holding fast with your hands. You must carry the stone in your mouth; and you, friend Mouse, can sit in my right ear, while I swim to the chest."

So the monkey got upon the bear's back, and the mouse ran up and sat down in the bear's right ear. Then the bear started to swim down the stream. He had not gone very far before he began to feel uneasy. He spoke to the monkey several times, but the monkey made no reply.

"Do you hear me, friend Monkey?" he said at last. "Why do you not answer me? Have you no manners?"

The monkey did not wish to speak, but he could hold his tongue no longer, so, letting the stone roll into the river, he replied to the bear.

"You stupid fellow," he said, "did you not know that I could not talk to you with the stone in my mouth? Now it is gone for good."

"I am very sorry," said the bear, "but don't be angry, for we shall soon find it again." Then the bear began to call to all living creatures in the water — to the frogs, the fishes, and the turtles.

"There is a dreadful enemy coming to kill you all," he said, when they had gathered around him;

"but if you will bring us some stones as quickly as you can, we will build a fort to save you."

All the animals were greatly frightened at these words, and hurried to bring the stones as fast as they could. It was very amusing to see the different animals coming with the stones. Some of them brought little stones and some big stones. After a few minutes, an old fat frog came bringing the wonderful stone in her mouth. It was quite heavy for her.

When the bear saw it, he was very glad. Taking the stone, he thanked the animals for what they had done, and told them to have no fear.

"I will see," he said, "that no enemy does you harm."

Then the three faithful beasts set out for the chest. After much hard work, they broke the lid open with the aid of stones. They had come just in time to save the man. He had drunk the last drop of water and had eaten the last bit of bread. Indeed, he was almost starved.

The bear gave the magic stone to the man, who took it with great joy. He at once wished himself back in his castle with the gardens and stables.

Immediately he found himself there, with his three friends. He never thought again of selling the magic stone. The mouse, the monkey, and the bear, who had been so faithful, lived with him and enjoyed all the blessings of a happy life.

— *Adapted from* GRIMM.

Tell or write one of the following stories :—

1. How the Man Came by the Faithful Beasts.
2. How the Faithful Beasts Saved their Friend.

WINTER NIGHTS

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling, overhead!

There's a bedroom in a tree,
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!
In a snow cave, warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night,
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call,
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain, white and wild!
Soft purs the pussy cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold,
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes,
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

— Mary F. Butts.

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool
  Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain,
  To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
  Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
  All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
  Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away,
  Lest he get wet,

To the next shelter—
  Maybe a mile!

Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
—And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

—Oliver Herford.

KING ALFRED AND THE BEGGAR

There used to be a good king in England named Alfred. One time the Danes came over the sea and drove Alfred out of his kingdom. For a long time he had to hide himself on a little island in a river.

It happened one day that all who were on the island went away to fish. The king, the queen, and one servant were the only ones left. The island was in a far-away place, and was very lonely. No one could come to it except by boat. Soon after all the people had gone fishing, a ragged old beggar came to the king's door, asking for food. The king knew that there was very little food in the house, but he called his servant to him and asked how much there was.

"My lord," said the servant, "there is only one loaf and a little wine."

"Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor man," said the king; and he gave thanks to God for what food he had.

The servant brought out the bread and the wine for the beggar. The poor man ate eagerly. When

he had finished, he thanked the king for his kindness and went away.

Afternoon came, and the men who had gone fishing returned. They came back with three boats full of fish.

"We have caught more fish to-day," said they, "than in all the rest of the time that we have been on the island."

This pleased the king greatly. It gave him more hope than he had had since he had been driven from his kingdom. They all ate their supper, and went to their beds very happy.

That night the king lay awake a long time. He was thinking about what had happened during the day. As he lay there and thought, it seemed to him that he saw a great light as bright as the sun. In the midst of the light, he beheld an old man with black hair, holding in his hand an open book. The king did not know whether it was a dream or whether it was real. It seemed very real indeed, and he continued to look at it wonderingly. Yet he was not in the least afraid. It rather pleased him.

"Who are you?" he asked of the old man.

"Alfred, my son," said the man, "have no fear; for I am he to whom you gave this day half of your little store of food. Be brave and strong and light of heart. Listen to what I say, and all shall yet be well with you. In the morning rise up early, and wind your horn three times, as loudly as you can — so loudly that the Danes will hear it. By nine o'clock at least five hundred men will come to you, ready to be led into battle. Be brave, and fight well; and within one week you shall drive your enemies before you. And you shall go back to your kingdom to reign in peace."

At these words the light faded, and the man was no longer to be seen. The king arose early the next morning, and called for his boat to go over to the mainland. Then he blew his horn very loudly three times. The sound filled his friends with great joy, but it filled the Danes with fear.

The king sat down and waited quietly. In a short time men armed for battle began to appear. More and more followed. By nine o'clock he found himself surrounded by more than five hundred soldiers, armed and eager for battle. He

spoke to them, telling everything that he had seen in his dream. This pleased them greatly, and they sent up a great cheer for him. They said that they would follow him and fight his battles as long as they lived.

They went bravely into battle and beat the Danes time after time. Finally, all the Danes were driven out of Alfred's kingdom, and the good king ruled in peace. He was always wise in his doings and kind to his people, giving freely to all who needed help. He never forgot how his kindness to the beggar had been repaid.

—*Adapted by* C. M. S.

School No. 2, Chestnut St.,
Albany, N. Y.
June 10, 1910.

Dear far-away Pupil:

Our teacher is letting us write letters to the third grade pupils in your school. I wish to tell you about one of the things we have been doing in our school.

Place the name and address of your school and the proper date at the top of the sheet. Copy the part of the letter written above and complete the letter. Tell about any story you have read, or about any other interesting work you have done.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

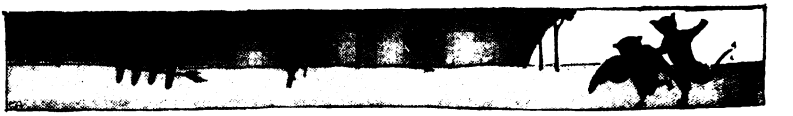
The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

— Edward Lear.



THE MOON-LADY

When the Moon-lady glides from her downy cloud-bed,
(Oh hushaby, rockaby baby)
She lays her white hand on the curls of your head,
(Oh hushaby, rockaby baby)
Then she calls to the Night-wind, the merry young rover,
To bring thee the perfume from fields of white clover;
The perfume of clover, from fields where he blows,
And a sack of pure gold from the heart of the rose.

She steals to your window and in through the bars,
(Oh hushaby, rockaby baby)
She sends soft light from her great crown of stars.
(Oh hushaby, rockaby baby)
She sends the soft light from the stars on her head,
To make a bright way for your soft feet to tread
To the border of dreamland, that lieth so near —
Then she vanishes slowly — sleep, baby, my dear.

— Grace E. Mott.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.


STORIES OF MANY
LANDS

If I were an elf or a spirit free,
There are many lands that I should see,
And many wondrous things behold,
Of which I often have been told.
I'd rise and sail for miles and miles,
O'er land and sea, to the Grecian Isles,
Where nymphs and satyrs used to roam,
And mighty heroes had their home.
Then to the Sultan's land I'd fly,
And mosque and palace would I spy.
Or to Japan would sail away,
Or view the cities of Cathay.
And many wondrous things I'd see,
If I were an elf or spirit free.

Part I

In olden times there lived in Greece a race of fairies known as nymphs. They loved the woods, the springs, and the streams, and could ever be found playing about pleasant places.

One of these fairy nymphs was Echo. She lived in a pleasant valley, in which there were many streams and trees. Echo was very swift-footed, and passed from one place to another so quickly that people could not find her unless she wished them to.

Echo was very beautiful, but she had one great fault: she loved to hear the sound of her own voice. She was very impolite, too, and would say aloud just what she heard other people say. If they became angry and scolded her, Echo would

always repeat just what they said. She always spoke in the same tone of voice that other people used. This made many people angry at Echo, because they thought she was making fun of them.

Echo, however, was punished severely for being saucy to people. One day she met a very beautiful youth, named Narcissus, and she loved him deeply. He did not return her love, however, and poor Echo grew ill.

There was no hope of gaining the love of Narcissus; so Echo went far away into the hills. She has never been seen since. Sick at heart, she pined away till there was nothing left of her but her voice.

From that day till now, she has been forced to

wander in lonely places, by lakes and streams and hillsides. She still repeats in a mocking voice whatever she hears. If you go out where she happens to be, and make a sound of any kind, she will repeat it for you. She can imitate a dog or a pig just as well as she can imitate a person. She will sing or moan, if you sing or moan for her.

Tell or write a short story for each of the following sentences: —

1. Who were the Greek fairies?
2. How did the nymphs live?
3. Why did people not like Echo?
4. What happened to Echo?
5. Where does Echo live now?

PART II

Narcissus, the beautiful youth whom Echo loved, was very proud of his good looks. He had never seen himself in a looking-glass, but many people had praised his beauty. So, when he learned that Echo loved him, he became very proud indeed, for Echo was one of the most beautiful of nymphs.

"She is a silly nymph," he said to himself. "I

will pay no attention to her. She will love me all the more then. That will make others love me."

Thus Narcissus was not only too proud of himself, but he was unkind to the poor nymph, whose love for him had made her most unhappy.

"That is not my fault," said Narcissus.

Before she pined entirely away, Echo prayed to Venus, the goddess of love. She asked Venus to make Narcissus unhappy, too, so that he would pity others.

Venus heard the poor nymph's prayer. One day Narcissus went to a spring to drink. As he stooped over to get some water, he saw a beautiful face. It was looking up at him from the bottom of the spring.

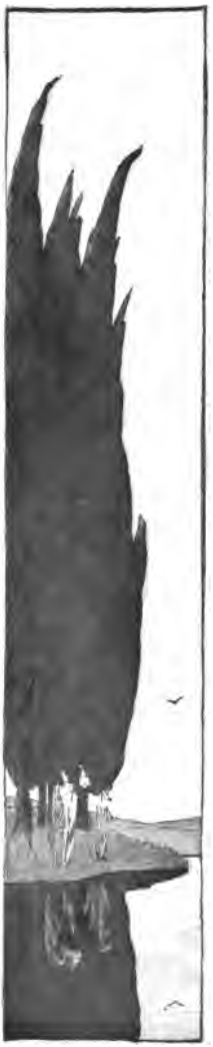
"Ah, sweet nymph," cried Narcissus, "you are the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I love you and shall ever love you."

Narcissus smiled, and the soft blue eyes looked up at him and smiled back. He bent down closer to the water, and the beautiful face moved closer, too. Then he tried to clasp the lovely head in his hands.

As soon as his hands touched the water, the beautiful face disappeared. Narcissus drew back in sorrow. How much he would give to call back the lovely nymph!

He waited a long time, and then leaned over the spring again. He saw the lovely face once more. How happy it made him! Surely the nymph must love him! And see, she moved her lips and smiled at him as he spoke to her.

"Speak to me, most lovely being!" cried Narcissus at last. "Let me hear the sound of your



voice. Surely, it must be sweet to the ear." But he could not hear a sound, although the lips moved all the time that he was speaking.

Narcissus tried again to clasp the soft, curly head in his hands. The face disappeared again, however, as soon as his hand touched the water. This made Narcissus desire the beautiful nymph all the more. He could not leave the spring.

Day after day he remained there. He implored the lovely creature to come out of the spring. All was in vain. So he bent over the spring and admired the beautiful face and the golden curls. He did not once imagine that it was a reflection of himself that he saw.

Like Echo, he pined away and died. The gods pitied him, because he was so beautiful, and changed his body into the beautiful flower that is named after him. To this

day the narcissus grows best by pools and springs. It always droops its pretty head, as if looking to see something at the bottom of the clear water.

Write one of the following stories : —

1. Tell how Echo was punished for her fault.
2. Tell why Narcissus did not love Echo.
3. Tell how Narcissus was punished for his fault.
4. Tell some other story about Greek nymphs or satyrs.

CUPID STUNG

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
The bee awak'd — with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;

" Oh, Mother! I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, " My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee! "

— THOMAS MOORE.

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place

Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day

That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so.*
And that is how I came to know.)

—Eugene Field.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

CHERRIES

Under the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines, we must make our hay:
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head:
"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick."

—F. E. WEATHERLEY.

Kind words are little sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall.

THE MATCHLESS HUNTER

PART I

In the long, long ago people in Japan lived very simply. Even the princes and the Mikado himself led plain lives, and were happy.

Hohomi, a young prince and descendant of the Sun Goddess, was a man of power in Japan. He was handsome and brave, and everybody loved him. Because of his great skill in following the game, he was called the Matchless Hunter.

Hohomi's brother, Prince Roku, was a most clever fisherman, and was known everywhere as the Skillful Fisher.

One day the Matchless Hunter came to the Skillful Fisher with a new plan for the day.

"My brother," said he, "let us to-day change occupations, so that we may both become matchless hunters and skillful fishers."

"The idea seems good to me," replied Roku; "to-day we shall do as you say. But be careful of my precious fishing rod and hook. I prize them above everything."

So the Matchless Hunter set out for the sea.

He pushed out in his little boat, baited the hook, and threw it into the sea. After a time he drew in his line. The bait was gone, but there was no fish.

Again the Matchless Hunter baited his hook and threw it into the water, but with no better success. Thus it went till nearly nightfall. He drew in his line to go home, when he discovered to his great sorrow that his brother's precious hook was gone.

"Alas!" cried Hohomi, "what will the Prince, my brother, say to me? It was his most loved possession."

When he arrived home, he met his brother, who had just returned. He also had been unsuccessful.

"I have brought home no game, brother," said Roku, "and I perceive that you, too, have had no success."

"Worse still," replied the Matchless Hunter, "I have lost your precious fishhook, which was given you by our wise father. I am a most unfortunate man, indeed."

"Lost my much-prized hook! Surely I cannot

forgive you until you find it again, nor shall I return your hunting weapons."

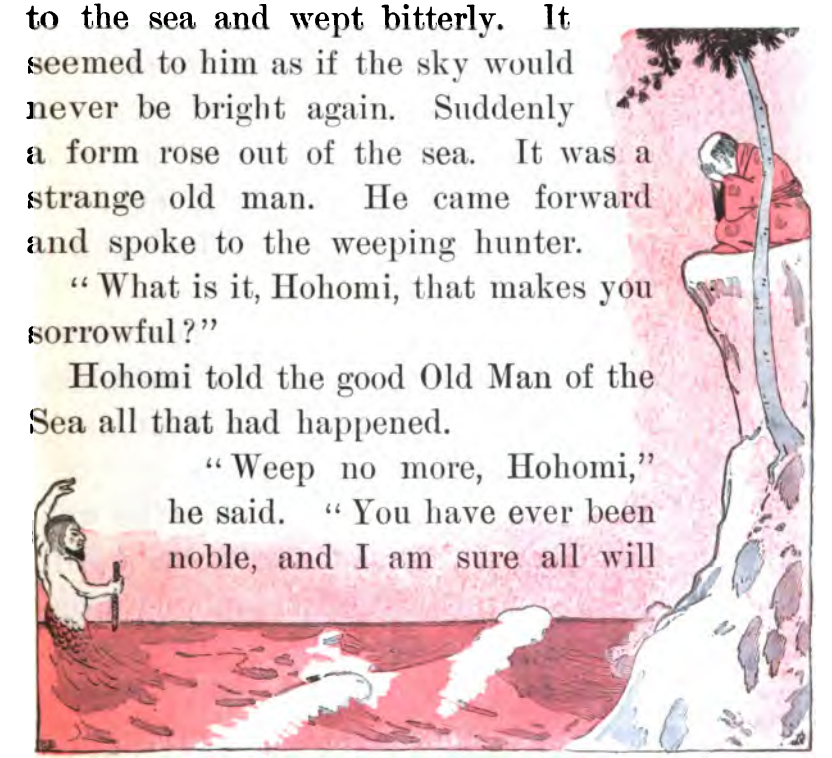
The Matchless Hunter was very unhappy indeed. He could not hunt, and his brother could not fish until he had found the lost hook; and that was at the bottom of the sea.

Not knowing what to do, Hohomi went down to the sea and wept bitterly. It seemed to him as if the sky would never be bright again. Suddenly a form rose out of the sea. It was a strange old man. He came forward and spoke to the weeping hunter.

"What is it, Hohomi, that makes you sorrowful?"

Hohomi told the good Old Man of the Sea all that had happened.

"Weep no more, Hohomi," he said. "You have ever been noble, and I am sure all will



yet be well. You must go down to the Dragon King of the Sea. He will find and return to you the hook of the Skillful Fisher."

So saying, the Old Man of the Sea cut willows and wove them together, until he had made a kind of canoe. Hohomi stood amazed.

"Be not afraid, Hohomi," said the Old Man; "it will take you safely where you wish to go."

Hohomi jumped into the boat, thanking the Old Man again and again. The boat sailed away of itself. On and on it went, till land was nowhere to be seen. The Matchless Hunter thought he must be in the middle of the sea; but he was not afraid.

All at once the boat began to sink. Down and down it went, yet no water touched the Matchless Hunter. Farther and farther sank the boat, until finally it rested on the bottom of the sea.

The Prince looked about and saw that he was in a great garden. In the midst of it was a glittering palace. Hearing some one coming from the palace, Hohomi climbed into a large tree. Directly beneath it was a spring.

In a moment there appeared a maiden, carrying

a pitcher bright with jewels. It was the lovely daughter of the Great Dragon King. Her name was Totoya. She had blue eyes and dark flowing hair that fell to her waist.

As the Princess bent over to fill her pitcher, she saw the reflection of the Prince in the water. She was greatly startled. The pitcher slipped from her hand and sank to the bottom of the spring. She was about to flee, but Hohomi called to her.

"Do not run," said he, "I am a stranger, come to visit the King, thy father. Stay, and I will get thy pitcher for thee."

So saying, the young Prince jumped down, and drew the pitcher from the

spring. As Totoya watched Hohomi, she thought him most charming.

"Most fair one," he said, "will you lead me to your noble father, the Great King of the Sea?"

Part II

Hohomi told the Sea King of his loss, and the King ordered all his subjects to appear before him. But none had seen the precious hook. At last the cuttlefish broke the silence.

"My Lord King," he said, "I observe that the dolphin is not here. Yesterday I met him, and he passed by me without speaking. His jaw was swollen, and he looked ill. It may be that the hook is in his mouth."

"Go," said the King, "and conduct him hither at once."

After a short time the dolphin came, looking very unhappy. The King commanded the lobster, his most skillful physician, to remove the hook. This the lobster did with great care. And the King restored the hook to Hohomi.

The Great Dragon King was kind of heart, and the Matchless Hunter liked him well. The Prince, too, found favor in the sight of the King.

"I pray thee," said the King, "tarry awhile with us; it will be a great happiness to entertain so noble a Prince. Your fame has come before you."

Hohomi explained that he must return the hook to his brother. As he was about to depart, the King called in a great sea dragon, and bade him carry the Prince back to his country.

"When you have seen your brother," added the Sea King, "come back to us."

The idea pleased Hohomi greatly, as he thought of Totoya. So it was that Hohomi bade the sea dragon wait while he hurried to his brother.

He explained everything to Roku, who forgave him gladly, and wept when Hohomi bade him farewell. Then the young Prince mounted again

on the dragon's back, and was carried swiftly down to the wonderful palace at the bottom of the sea.

The Prince married the beautiful Totoya, and they lived together in the Sea King's palace. Happiness was theirs all their days.



Write out the sentences below, placing the words in italics at the beginning : —

1. Hohomi was called the Matchless Hunter, *because of his skill in hunting.*
2. People led simple lives *in those days.*
3. Hohomi and his brother *one day* changed occupations.
4. Hohomi returned home *that evening* without any fish.

5. Hohomi, *not knowing what else to do*, went down to the sea and wept.

6. The Prince jumped into the boat, *thanking the Old Man again and again.*

7. A beautiful maiden appeared at the spring *in a few minutes.*

8. Hohomi married the King's daughter *in the end.*

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful, —
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings, —
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The tall trees in the greenwood.
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one.

— JOHN KEBLE.

THE POPPY-LAND LIMITED EXPRESS

The first train leaves at 6 P.M.
For the land where the poppy blows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arm;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train!

At 8 P.M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear:
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy-land?
I hope it is not too dear;

The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at 6 and 8.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer!"

—Edgar Wade Abbot.

TEARS OF PEARL

Once upon a time, in the very old days, when straws were sieves, and the mouse a barber, and the cuckoo a tailor, and the donkey ran errands, and the tortoise baked bread, many wonderful things happened.

There was a Shah whose daughter had married a poor man. A beautiful daughter was born to them. The father and mother could not bring their daughter up as they wished. However, they taught her as well as they could, and Rose, as the

maiden was called, grew up to be good, and kind, and true.

One morning Rose went into the field to pick wild flowers to lay upon the altar. Suddenly, as

she looked up, she saw an old man standing before her. And near by were three Peris, or angels, clad in shining garments. The old man extended his hand for alms. Rose had only a little copper coin, but this she gave gladly to the old man.

"This girl," he said, turning to the three Peris, "has a kind heart. What do you wish for her?"

The first Peri said: —

"Let her weep not tears but pearls."

The second went on: —

"May roses blossom when she smiles."

And the third added: —

"May sweet verdure in her footsteps spring."

Rose was filled with awe, and fell on her knees in prayer. When she looked up, she saw that all four persons were gone, and hastened home to tell her parents. They were very happy, because they knew that good fortune had come to them.

Now the fame of Rose spread through the land of the Sultan. The Sultan's son was filled with a desire to see this wonderful girl, and he secretly began to love her. The Sultan, too, had been thinking about Rose-Beautiful.

"She will make a fitting wife for my son," he thought.

He made up his mind at once to send for her. So he called the Chief Dame of the palace, and sent her to bring Rose-Beautiful to Court.

The Chief Dame, however, had a daughter, whom she wished to marry to the Sultan's son. She, therefore, plotted to rid herself of Rose and take her own daughter to the Sultan instead. So

she took a great basket in the carriage with her, and on the way back to Court, she put Rose into this, tied the cover fast, and left it in a desert place. Then she returned to the palace and presented her own daughter as Rose-Beautiful. No wonderful things happened, however, when the daughter smiled or wept.

"The wonderful power is taken away from her at certain times," explained the Chief Dame; "but it will return when the winter is over."

The Sultan and his son were not satisfied. They waited, however, for the charm to return.

In the meantime, a poor shepherd had heard the calls of Rose-Beautiful in the basket, and had rescued her and taken her to his own hut.

Rose-Beautiful did not tell the shepherd about her wonderful charms. She tried to keep from smiling and weeping. And she remained indoors, so that green verdure would not spring up in her footsteps.

But the kindness of the old shepherd was so great that Rose could not help giving him a pleasant smile. Great was the wonder of the shepherd when he saw beautiful roses fall from her lips.

As the shepherd was poor, Rose suggested that he take the roses to Court and sell them. It was midwinter, and they would bring considerable

money. So the shepherd set out for the Sultan's palace to sell the roses.

"Roses for sale!" he cried; "Roses for sale!"

The Dame of the palace heard the man.

"I will buy these roses and put them in my daughter's hair," she said to herself, "and the Sultan will think her power has returned."

The Sultan was delighted when he saw the roses, and ran to greet the false Rose, because he

thought the charm had returned. But when she smiled at him, no other roses burst from her lips. Then the Sultan became angry, and thrust her from him. In doing so, he hurt the girl, and she began to cry. Real tears, however, and not pearls, fell from her eyes.

"False vixen!" cried the Sultan, "let me never see your face again. Away from my sight forever."

Then the Sultan began to inquire whence the roses had come, and he was told about the old man who had sold them at the gate.

"If he comes again," the Sultan commanded, "bring him to me. I shall find out for myself."

When the old shepherd returned home, he was surprised to find a strip of beautiful green grass about his cottage. Rose had been out taking a walk. The weather was so cold, however, that by the next day it had all disappeared. Yet the old man wondered about it much.

The days passed, and the shepherd and his foster child again wanted food. The old man had learned to love Rose.

"My child," he said, "what shall I do? We have no food. For myself it is no matter. But

you are young and beautiful. I cannot see you suffer."

This so pleased Rose that she would have wept, had she been able, so that her foster father might have the pearls to sell. But instead she smiled, and roses burst from her lips.

"Ah!" cried the old man, "you are a treasure, indeed. These roses will supply us with food." And he took them and set out at once for the palace.

"Roses," he cried, "the most beautiful in the world!"

When the palace guard heard this, he conducted the man to the Sultan, who asked where he got roses at this time of year. The old man had little to tell, but what he knew he told. The Sultan commanded the shepherd to come to the palace the next day with his foster daughter.

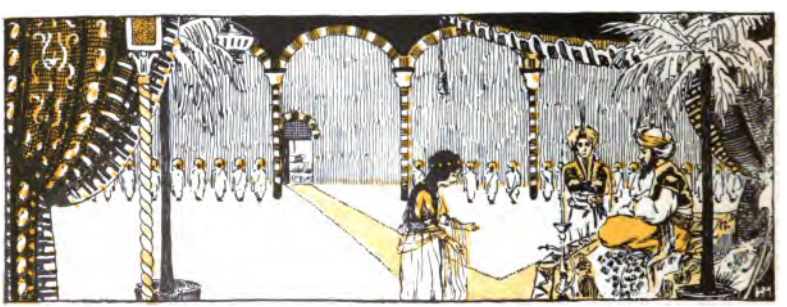
Rose-Beautiful did not know what to do. Yet she was glad. She thought she might now see the Sultan's son. She thought about it and smiled. Roses burst from her lips. Then she thought of her own father and mother. She knew they must be lonely without her. Tears came to

her eyes. Yet they were not tears, but pearls. The foster father marveled as he saw them.

"Are you an angel from paradise, my daughter, that you can do such things?"

Soon the two were on their way to the palace. A fringe of green grass sprang up where Rose-Beautiful passed. But she and her father walked on, paying no heed until they came to the palace gate.

Rose-Beautiful was conducted into the presence of the great Sultan. She trembled a little as she



stood before him. Just then the Prince came in. As soon as he saw Rose, he cried out: —

"It is she, my father! It is she!" for the Peris had shown her face to him in dreams so often that he knew her at first sight.

At this, Rose-Beautiful smiled in spite of her fear. Roses burst from her lips.

"Oh! my father, it is she; it is the real Rose-Beautiful."

But the Sultan did not wish to be imposed upon again, so he decided to make another test.

"What witchcraft is this," he cried, "that you come here to bewitch my son? Call the guard and let them both be cast into prison."

The poor old shepherd was greatly frightened, and Rose-Beautiful began to weep. Pearls upon pearls rolled from her eyes. The carpet was strewn with them.

"My father," cried the Prince, "what I said is true." Just at this moment the Sultan saw through the window the great crowd that had gathered about the gate.

"What is this?" he said, as he walked to the window.

Looking out, he saw the strip of green grass leading up from the gate to the palace. He no longer doubted, but walked over to the weeping girl and kissed her.

"You are indeed," he said, "the real Princess-Beautiful. You shall be married to the Prince, my son, to-morrow."

The father and mother of Rose were brought to the palace and given a high place in the Sultan's household. For forty days and forty nights they held high revel amidst the beating of drums and the tinkling of cymbals.

Write as long a story as you can on one of the following subjects: —

1. Rose-Beautiful and the Old Man.
2. Rose-Beautiful and the Chief Dame.
3. Rose-Beautiful and the Shepherd.
4. Rose-Beautiful before the Sultan.

THE ROCKABY LADY

The Rockaby Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugarplum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peekaboo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rockaby Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

— Eugene Field.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And these little girls' bonnets away.

There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
And O! there's no end to the nuts;
Over many long roads I must traverse away,
And many by-lanes and short cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
That needs must be whirled round and round;
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
In the most distant part of the town.

The rich nabob's cloak must have a good shake,
Though he does hold his head pretty high;

And I must not slight Betty, who washes so clean,
And has just hung her clothes out to dry.

Then there are signs to be creaked, and doors to be slammed,
Loose window blinds, too, to be shaken;
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You will see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flap the broad sails, and howl through the shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail,
On their white wings across the bright sky;
I bow to no mandate, save only to Him
Who reigneth in glory on high.

THE LISTENERS

Three little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened,
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, "Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't, can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking."

Soon Dot and grandma he could see—
Tea-party they were playing;
And, as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

"This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on;
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on."

The cricket tumbled down with fright;
"Run for your life, my brothers!
Fly, fly!" He scudded out of sight,
And so did both the others.

— SELECTED.

Part I

A very long time ago Master Rabbit lived alone with his grandmother. Their wigwam stood in the center of a great forest.

It was winter, and Master Rabbit had a hard time to get food for his family. The ponds and rivers were frozen over, and the ground was covered with a thick coat of snow.

One cold day Master Rabbit was out in the forest looking for food. He was cold, and tired, and hungry. He had found nothing.

As he traveled on, he caught sight of a lonely wigwam. It stood on the bank of a river. It was the home of Brother Otter.

"Come in," said Brother Otter, "and be welcome. It is a cold day to travel."

Then he turned to his housekeeper and bade her get ready to cook the dinner.

"I shall return with food in a few minutes," he said.

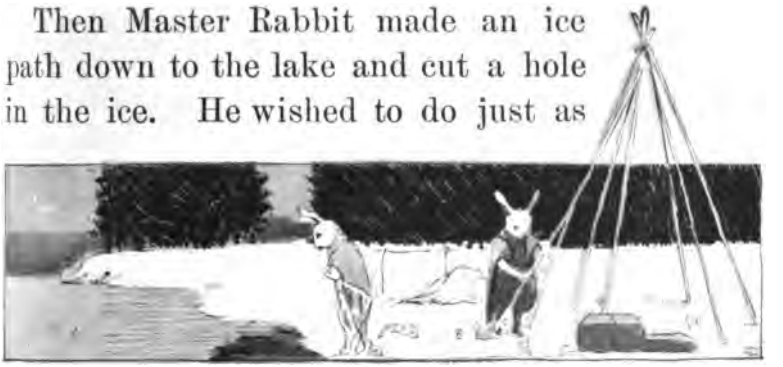
With these words, Brother Otter took down some hooks and left the wigwam. Before his door was an icy path that led down to the river. Down this he slid, and disappeared through a hole in the ice.

In a short time he came back with a number of eels. The housekeeper took them and put them over the fire to cook. Soon the dinner was ready.

"Dear me!" thought Rabbit, "what an easy way Otter has of getting food! I shall have to follow his example."

Master Rabbit felt sure that he could do as well as the Otter. As he took his leave, he invited Brother Otter to dine with him three days later.

The very next day he told his grandmother to pack up the wigwam. They carried it down to the shore of the lake and set it up.


Then Master Rabbit made an ice path down to the lake and cut a hole in the ice. He wished to do just as

Brother Otter had done.

In due time the visitor arrived. Master Rabbit turned to his grandmother.

"Get ready to cook the dinner," he commanded.

"But what shall I cook?" she asked.

"Never mind; I will look after that," answered Master Rabbit.

He took a willow on which to string the fish, and left the wigwam. He went to the ice slide he had made and sprang on to it.

Sliding was not so easy as it looked. He rolled from side to side, jerking and bumping about. Sometimes he was on his face, and sometimes on his back. At last he landed in the icy water.

How cold it felt! And how helpless he was,

for he could not swim at all. He choked and came near being drowned.

"What is the matter with Rabbit?" cried Otter, who stood looking on.

"I don't know," answered the grandmother, "but I think he has seen some one do something like that. Now he is trying to do it, too."

"Here, Master Rabbit," cried Otter, "come out of the water; you will drown. I will get the fish."

Stick in hand, Brother Otter slid easily down the bank, and in a few minutes came back with a fine string of eels. Throwing them down in disgust, he left the wigwam. He would not even stay to share the dinner.

Master Rabbit was very much ashamed. He did not speak to his grandmother. Soon afterwards he wrapped himself up in his blanket and went to sleep.

Complete the following sentences: —

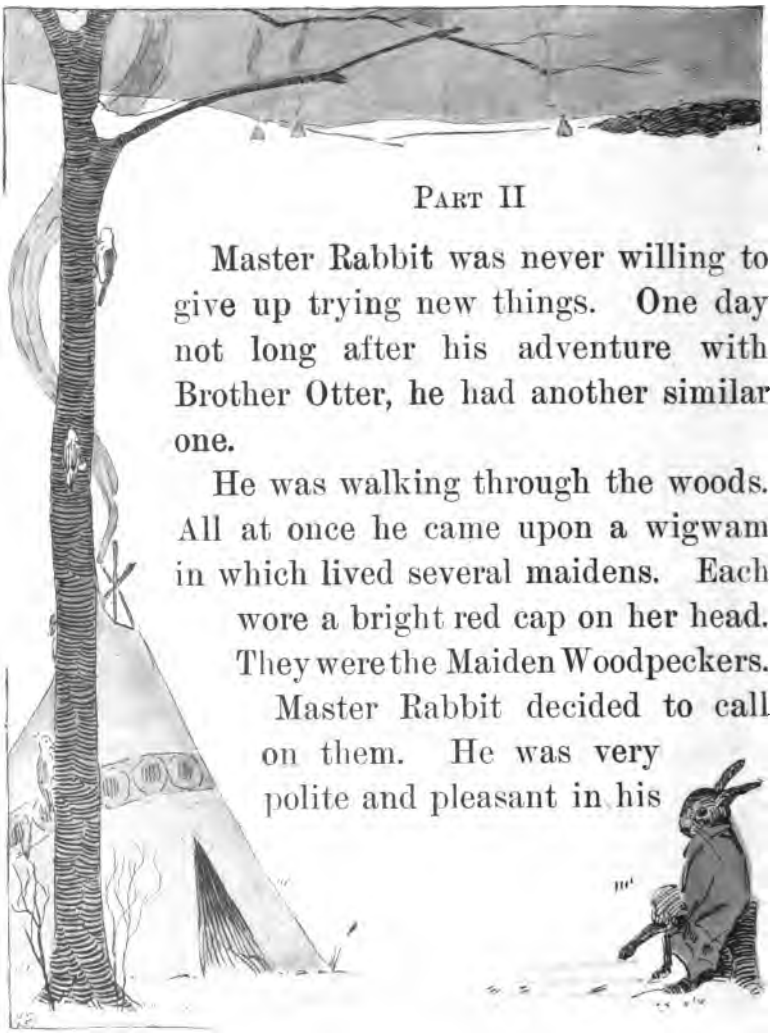
1. One day Master Rabbit ——.
2. The Otter invited ——.
3. When it was time for dinner, Mr. Otter ——.
4. Master Rabbit ——.
5. Master Rabbit told his grandmother ——.
6. The Otter was so disgusted that ——.
7. Master Rabbit rolled himself up ——.

Write a story upon one of the following subjects: —

1. Master Rabbit's Visit to the Lonely Wigwam.
2. Master Rabbit's Preparations for Brother Otter's Visit.
3. Brother Otter's Visit.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

—William Wordsworth.



Part II

Master Rabbit was never willing to give up trying new things. One day not long after his adventure with Brother Otter, he had another similar one.

He was walking through the woods. All at once he came upon a wigwam in which lived several maidens. Each wore a bright red cap on her head. They were the Maiden Woodpeckers.

Master Rabbit decided to call on them. He was very polite and pleasant in his

manner. He wished them to think well of him. So they did, and invited him to stay to dinner.

One of the pretty maidens took a wooden dish and climbed up the trunk of a tree near by. How gracefully and quickly she moved! It seemed as if she really ran up the side of the tree.

Every little while she stopped and tapped on the bark. She was looking for the tiny insects that look so much like rice. It was only a short time before she had gathered enough for dinner.

She brought them down, and they were soon cooked. Such a dinner as it was, so tender and so dainty!

"Ah!" thought Master Rabbit, as he sat eating, "how easy it was to get this fine food! I believe I could do it just as well as these Woodpecker girls."

So then and there he invited the Maiden Woodpeckers to come to dine with him. They thought him a fine young man, and accepted his invitation.

"I will have a good dinner for you," he said to them, as he departed.

At the proper time, the Maiden Woodpeckers arrived at Master Rabbit's wigwam. Then, to

show how smart he could be, he took the head from a spear and fastened it to his nose for a beak. He was now ready, he thought, for gathering insects.

He went to a tree and began to climb it. But it was not so easy. Master Rabbit did not look much like Maiden Woodpecker. He kept slipping and hurting himself. His head was soon scratched and bleeding. He began to feel very sore and unhappy.

The dainty Woodpecker girls watched him in wonder, and laughed at his clumsy movements.

"What is he trying to do?" they asked the old grandmother. "Has he gone mad?"

"Oh, I suppose he has seen some one else do something like that," was the answer.

At this one Maiden Woodpecker laughed aloud; then she called to Master Rabbit.

"Come down," she said. "Give me the dish, and I will take your place."

And Master Rabbit did come down. His foot slipped, and he fell headlong into the dry leaves below.

Maiden Woodpecker took the dish and climbed easily up the tree. Soon she returned with a dish of fine food.

But that was not the end of it. For many a long day the Maiden Woodpeckers teased Master Rabbit about his foolishness.

Write the whole story of which the beginning is suggested below: —

One day Master Rabbit saw a hawk fly down from a tree top and catch a hen. He thought that an easy way to get something to eat. He tried to do the same.

Part III

Master Rabbit had not yet learned his lesson. He could not let other people's trades alone. He was still foolish enough to believe he could do

anything he had seen others do. And it was not long before he had another adventure.

He was making a call on Mooin, the Bear, and was invited to dine. He was filled with wonder at the way Mr. Bear got a dinner for his hungry family.

Mooin put a big pot over the fire. Then he cut a thin slice off the bottom of his foot and put it into the pot to boil. Lo! the tiny bit of meat

grew and grew, larger and larger, till it filled the pot. There was enough dinner for the large family. Besides, Master Rabbit took home a large piece for his friends.

"Hm!" said Master Rabbit to himself, "the wampum of our family says that a rabbit can do everything a bear can do, and more, too. I'll try this myself."

So he invited Mooin to his wigwam to dine. When the time came, Mr. Bear appeared.

"Put the pot over the fire to boil," said Master Rabbit to his grandmother.

Then he sharpened his knife and tried to cut slices from the soles of his feet. They were so small and tender, however, that it was hard work to get any. Besides, it hurt him terribly.

Mooin began to growl.

"What is Master Rabbit trying to do?" he said to the old grandmother.

"I think he is trying to do what he has seen some one else do."

"Here, Master Rabbit, give me the knife," cried Mr. Bear when he heard this.

He began to cut slices from the soles of his own feet, which were thick and tough. Then he went on to get dinner in the same way that he had done at home. Master Rabbit could not enjoy it because his tender feet were aching and bleeding.

Indeed, his feet were so sore that it was many a day before he could scamper through the woods in his old gay and happy way.

He had now learned his lesson, however, and was never so foolish again.

— *Adapted from* MARY HAZELTON WADE'S *Indian Legends.*

Write a story for one of the following questions:—

1. Why did the Woodpecker Maidens laugh at Master Rabbit?
2. How did Mr. Bear prepare dinner for his large family?
3. Why did Master Rabbit invite Mr. Bear to his wigwam?
4. Why could Master Rabbit not cut slices from his feet?
5. What did Mr. Bear do?
6. Why did Master Rabbit not try to imitate other people any more?

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the dark and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet."

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;

"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him;
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire creature,
Little, dancing, white-fire insect,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing, in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them Hiawatha's Chickens.

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Write a story on one of the following:—

1. Hiawatha's Home.
2. The Things that Hiawatha Saw.
3. Hiawatha's Brothers.

THE FERRY FOR SHADOWTOWN

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray;
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the shadowland;
The raining drops on the window — hark! —
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good night!"
We've reached the harbor for Shadowtown!

There was once, we are told, a beautiful city, where now roll the waves of the Zuyder Zee. This city was protected from the sea by great dykes. The name of the city was Stavoren.

The people who lived in Stavoren were very wealthy. But in spite of their wealth they were selfish and hard-hearted.

The richest person among them was a maiden lady. She had palaces, farms, ships, and countinghouses — everything that one could desire. But she thought only of increasing her store.

One day she summoned the captain of her largest vessel.

"Go," said she, "and procure a cargo of the most precious thing on earth."

The captain set sail from Stavoren without knowing where he was going. After leaving the harbor, he called his officers together and asked their advice. Each had a different opinion as to what were the most precious things on earth.

The captain was in great doubt. He thought over the question for many long hours, smoking his pipe and scratching his head.

"Surely nothing can be more precious than wheat," he said to himself. "It is the staff of life."

Accordingly, he purchased a cargo of grain, and returned to his native town. The haughty lady had in the meantime told all her friends that her vessel had gone in search of the most precious thing on earth. So everybody was very curious.

When her captain appeared before her and told her that he had brought a cargo of wheat, she flew into a terrible rage. She commanded that every kernel be cast into the sea at once. The captain pleaded with her to allow him to give the wheat to the poor. She only repeated her command.

"I will come down to the port myself," she said, "to make sure that every kernel is cast into the sea."

The captain made his way sadly back to his vessel. On the way he met several beggars and told them what was to happen.

When the lady approached, many imploring hands were extended toward her, but all was in vain. Angry and proud, she made the sailors cast all the wheat into the sea. When the last kernel had disappeared beneath the water, the captain turned to his haughty mistress.

"As surely as there is a God above us," he exclaimed, "you will be punished for this sin. The time will come when you will long for a few handfuls of this wasted wheat."

The lady listened to his words in haughty silence. When he had finished, she took a costly ring from her delicate hand and cast it into the sea.

"When this ring comes back to me," she said, "I will believe what you say and fear that I may come to want."

That same day the lady's cook was preparing

dinner for her. He was opening a large fish which had just been brought from the sea. To his surprise, his eyes fell upon the costly ring. He immediately sent it to his proud mistress. When she saw it, she turned very pale.

Shortly afterwards there came a report that one of her countinghouses had been ruined. Other reports came that same evening. All her countinghouses were ruined. Her fleet had been destroyed at sea; her palaces were burning; and her farms were laid waste by storms. The palace in which she lived burned down during the night, and she barely escaped with her life.

No one cared for her now that her money was all gone. It was only a few weeks before she died of hunger and cold in a miserable shed.

The city of Stavoren did not profit by the sad end of the haughty lady. The rich people continued to neglect the poor. They, too, were wholly selfish.

As time went on, the sand began to increase in the port. It grew worse and worse. The waves washed the sand up until a great sand bar rose above the waters. All commerce was stopped. It was not very long before the sand was covered with little green blades. The people gazed upon it in surprise.

"It is the Lady's sand," they declared. "For it is the wheat that she cast into the sea that is growing there."

It did not matter to the rich, even if traffic had ceased. They did not suffer. The poor, however, were greatly distressed, for they now had nothing to do. They sought help from the rich, but their prayers fell upon deaf ears.

Not long afterwards a little leak was discovered in the dyke which protected the city. Through

this the sea water crept into the city reservoir. It spoiled all the drinking water.

The rich people only laughed, saying that they would drink wine. But what were the poor to do? They crowded around the gates of the rich, imploring something to drink; but they were rudely driven away.

"It would be a good thing," said the rich, "if these creatures should actually die. Of what use are they to themselves or to any one else?"

The rich of Stavoren had had their last chance to do good. That very same night, when the revelers had returned to sleep, the sea broke down the weakened dykes. Bursting in, it covered up the whole town.

Over the spot where Stavoren once stood, the waves now glitter in the bright sunlight. Boat-

men come rowing up from the little fishing town, which now bears the name of the ancient city. When the waters are smooth, the men rest upon their oars to point out far beneath them the palaces of Stavoren.

The streets of the old town, as it lies beneath the waves, are deserted. The market place is empty. No sound is to be heard except when some fish swims through the belfries and strikes one of the bells with its tail. Then there is heard a sad sound. It seems to be tolling the knell of the sunken city.

Write a letter to an aunt or uncle whom you like very much. Tell about the "Sunken City" *or about some other school work that will be interesting. Place your home address at the top of this letter.*

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY

Do you ask what the birds say?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say,
"I love!" and "I love!"

In the winter, they're silent,
The wind is so strong.
What it says, I don't know,
But it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms
And sunny, warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

And the lark is so brimful
Of gladness and love,
The green fields beneath him,
The blue sky above,

That he sings, and he sings,
And forever sings he,
"I love my love,
And my love loves me!"

— SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

THE SLEEPY STORY

Count. Come, arouse thee, my good knave, and tell me one of thy very best stories. I am weary from a long journey. I have not heard a good story since I left thee.

Clown. Master, I am weary, too. Besides, it is long since I told a good story. I have almost forgotten how. Thou hast been away a full month. (*Clown scratches his head and yawns.*)

Count. Rogue, no more delay. I do not keep thee that thou mayest sleep. Thou hast been idle so long that thou wouldst be always so. But come, thy best story.

Clown. Well, master, since I must tell a story, here is one. It is a sleepy story; but, then, it is time to sleep.

Count. Away with sleep, and on with the story.

Clown. There was once a farmer who had laid up a large sum of money.

Count. That is more than most people can do.

Clown. Master, please do not interrupt me. Now that I have begun my story, I have a mind to it.

Count. Are you the master? But on with the story!

Clown. Well, master, the farmer decided to go and buy sheep with his money.

Count. Why sheep? Why not cattle?

Clown. Simply because he wished to buy sheep. The farmer set out for market. On his way he crossed a river.

Count. What has the river to do with the story?

Clown. Very much, master; but that you will learn at the proper time. I pray you, do not stop me. I should like to tell this story to you. I am

eager to see how you like it. As I said, the farmer went to market and bought a very large flock of sheep, more than a thousand.

Count. An impossible number.

Clown. Master, this is my story, and I must tell it my way. He bought more than a thou-

sand sheep, and set out for home. Toward sunset he came to the river. It had rained hard during the day. The bridge had been carried away, and the poor man did not know what to do.

Count. He should have looked for another bridge.

Clown. No, master, my good master, if you will allow me, there was no other bridge on this

river. After a while the man found a boat. But I am getting sleepy again.

Count. Let's have the rest of the story.

Clown. Well, the boat was small, very small. It would hold only one sheep and the farmer at a time. So the farmer took one sheep into the boat, and rowed — and rowed — and rowed — (*Clown nods and goes to sleep.*)

Count. How now, sirrah! Go on with the story. It is getting interesting.

Clown. Ah, my good master, I will tell the rest some other time. It will take the farmer at least a week to row the sheep across the river. In the meantime we can have a good sleep.

Count. How now, rogue! Begone to bed!

PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

Summer fading, winter comes —
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,

They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

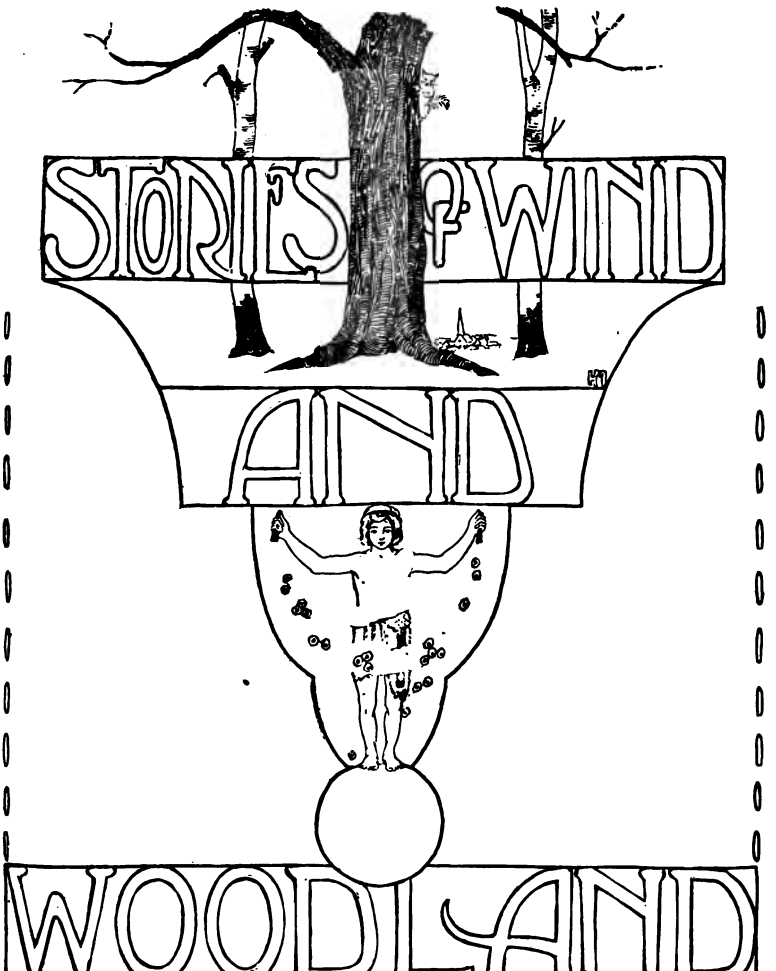
High on the hill-top
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
  On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there.

Is any man so daring
As to dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.


STORIES of WIND
AND
WOODLAND

They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and
mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly,
"Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,

Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm;—
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

out above the dry, brown leaves. There was a little pink fringe about her face, and she was very sweet to look at. Arbutus looked about. It was charming out, but a little lonesome.

"I wonder where Violet is," she said. "She is always a little late. But she will be out soon. She cannot sleep long in such weather as this. I hope nothing has happened to her. We have been friends and neighbors so long that I should be heartbroken to lose her."

In a few days there was another stir under the dry, brown leaves; and some little, tender, green leaves worked their way out to the bright morning sunlight.

"Good morning, Violet," said Arbutus. "I have been waiting to see you for several days. How do you do after your long sleep? My! but you are a timid little creature. But how glad I am to see you! The day seems brighter already."

"Oh, it is so sweet to be out again! It makes one just glad to be alive."

All day the little friends visited, until late in the afternoon. They were so busy talking that

they did not notice the change in the weather, until it became very chilly.

"Oh!" said Violet, "I am getting cold. I am afraid I came out too soon."

"Do not fear, Violet," answered Arbutus; "our place is sheltered, and I think we shall be all right. It may be cold to-night; but I am sure the sun will shine again to-morrow, and soon we shall be safe."

But the March wind had no mercy. He blew colder and colder. Both Arbutus and Violet were almost frozen. Unless something happened, they would be dead long before morning. They were helpless; yet they did not complain. They only hoped and waited.

They did not wait in vain. Jim Coon had been

PUSSY WILLOW

Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
Growing by the rushing stream,
First to bring sweet news of spring-time,
Wakening from your wintry dream,
Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
Soft and warm as ermined king,
Whisper in my ear and tell me
Why you save your furs till spring.

Tell me why all through the winter,
When the nights are long and cold,
And the sun is almost frozen,
And the winds are rough and bold,
Tell me, tell me, Pussy Willow,
Why you stand out in the snow,
With no coat or bonnet, shivering,
Till the first spring breezes blow.

I can't tell, sweet Pussy Willow,
Why you turn things so around;

But whene'er I see your furs on,
Then I feel as if I'd found
Something like a fairy's magic.
You just shine out soft and white,
And I know the spring is coming,
And the whole big world is bright.

Some folks say, dear Pussy Willow,
That in days long, long ago,
You, like other trees and bushes,
Plainly without furs did grow.
Yes, they say a little kitten,
Homeless came to you one night,
And you softly bent above her,
Kept her warm till morning bright.

So the fairy, some folks tell us,
Who loves everything that's good,
Made you sweet, so people love you,
Gave you furry mits and hood.
I don't know, sweet Pussy Willow,
Whether truly this be true,
But you tell me spring is coming,
Skies will soon be warm and blue.

—C. M. S.

It was well for Robert that he knew how to handle the bow so skillfully. Dark days were to come to him. A quarrel sprang up between his father and the proud Sheriff of Nottingham.

The Sheriff took the matter before the King, telling many false stories about Robert's father. The good King believed all that was told him. So it was that Hugh Fitzooth, now an old man, was stripped of all his possessions. His castle was burned to the ground, and he and his family were turned into the street. He died of a broken heart, and his good wife soon followed him to the grave. So Robert was left alone in the world.

In his childhood, Robert had had as a playmate the daughter of one of the nobles. Her name was Marian. Many times she and Robert had walked together through the pleasant greenwood. They had played by the brookside, had listened to the song of birds, and seen the dun deer in the forest.

Sometimes they picked wild flowers, and Marian would make a wreath. Then Robert would take the wreath and crown her as Queen of May.

Now they had both grown up, and they liked

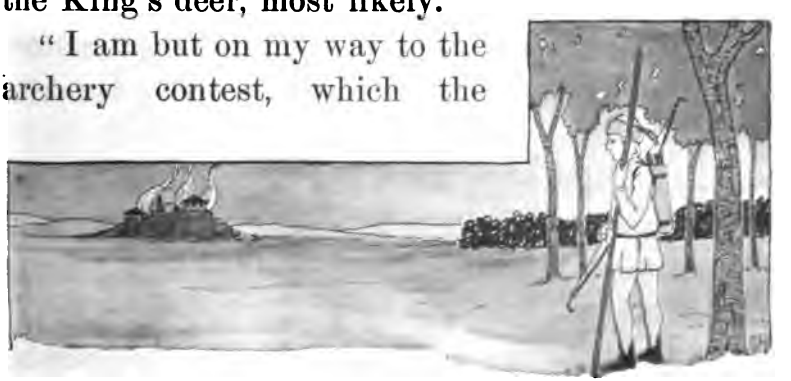
each other more than ever. But Robert had to go away. He was poor and could no longer visit Maid Marian.

He could not go away, however, without seeing Marian once more. He knew that she would be at the tournament which was to be held in a few days. So it was that Rob decided to go to the tournament and shoot for the silver arrow which was to be given to the best archer.

On the day before the tournament, Rob set out for the woods. As he was walking along, singing a merry song, he came across three men. They were foresters of the King.

"What are you doing here, silly youth, singing so blithely?" one of the three asked. "Seeking the King's deer, most likely."

"I am but on my way to the archery contest, which the



Sheriff holds to-morrow at Nottingham town," replied Rob, simply.

"Thou couldst not hit the Sheriff's castle fifty paces off with that bow of thine," the fellow said; and all three laughed.

"Wilt thou hold thy hand as a target at a hundred and twenty paces?" replied Rob.

"That I will," said the forester. "But see, yonder is a deer; bring him down, if thou canst shoot."

"If I shoot, he will never walk more."

"I think thou art afraid to prove thyself a clown," said the other.

Rob drew back the bowstring, and, before the others could speak, let go the arrow. The deer gave a wild leap and fell dead.

"You shall suffer for this!" shouted the forester, in a rage. He attempted to seize Rob, but the lad ran away.

The forester sent an arrow after Rob, which just missed him. Then Rob sent one back that did not miss, and the forester walked with a limp ever afterwards.

Rob was now an outlaw. He had killed one of

the King's deer, and had wounded one of his foresters. Either of these deeds meant death, if he should be caught.

So it was that Rob became an outlaw, and had to shift for himself. A price was set on his head, and ever afterwards there was strife between him and the Sheriff.

Put proper words in the blank spaces below :—

1. It was —— to become an —— in the days of Robin Hood.
2. The King placed —— over the Sherwood Forest.
3. When a —— lad Robert could —— better than ——.
4. Robert's father was —— of all his ——.
5. Robert started out for the —— which was to be —— at Nottingham.
6. The —— tried to —— Rob, but he ran away.
7. So Rob became an ——, and ever afterwards there was —— between him and the ——.

THE BEAR AND THE BEES

Some bears, going out for a walk one day,
Discovered in one of the trees
A hive full of honey, which smelt very fine,
So they stopped to make friends with the bees.
The old bear bowed low, and said, "Brum, Brum";
And the lady bee answered, "Hum, Hum, Hum."

"Madame Bee," said the bear to the fair little queen,
"Yourself I am happy to meet!
I hope you'll invite me to share your feast,

I'm exceedingly fond of what's sweet!"
And he tried to smile with his "Brum, Brum, Brum";
But the bees all frowned with their "Hum, Hum, Hum."

Then the queen bee haughtily raised her head,
As she sat on her leafy throne,
And said, "Mr. Bear, as you very well know,
We bees prefer dining alone!"
Then the bear looked cross and grunted, "Brum, Brum";
But the bees all smiled and applauded, "Hum, Hum."

"Heigh-ho, Mrs. Bee," said the angry bear,
"You will please to bear this in mind,
There is nothing to hinder my taking it all
Since you do not choose to be kind!"
And he stalked about with a loud "Brum, Brum";
But the bees only laughed a low "Hum, Hum."

Then the bear began to climb up the tree;
But the queen in her firmest tone

Called up, "Mr. Bear, I must warn you now,
You had better let us alone —
We are fully armed;" but the bear sneered,
"Brum!"
And the bees all savagely buzzed, "Hum, Hum!"

The soldier bees drew their sharp, keen knives;
While the little bees giggled with glee,
"Oh, what a sore nose you will have, Mr. Bear,
When you scramble down out of this tree!"
But the bear glared in rage while he growled,
"Brum, Brum,"
And the sturdy young bees piped a saucy "Hum,
Hum."

Nearer he crept to the coveted prize;
But that prize he was never to gain,
For the knives pierced his nose, and his ears,
and his eyes,
Till he howled with the smart and the pain.
Down he went to the ground with a sad "Brum,
Brum,"
While the bees in their triumph sang, "Hum,
Hum, Hum!"

"Now then, Mr. Bear," said the sage little queen,
"If you would be healthy and wise,
You must learn not to think quite so much of yourself,
And all others you must not despise."
And the bear marched off with a sullen "Brum, Brum,"
While the busy bees buzzed with a pleasant "Hum, Hum."

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—William Shakespeare.

After his killing of the King's deer and wounding of the King's forester, Rob knew that he would not be safe at the tourney. He thought about it a long time. At last he decided to visit an aged aunt of his, who lived on the edge of the forest.

It was night when he arrived, but the good woman was glad to see Rob. She had always loved him.

"What brings you here, my lad, at this hour of the night?" she asked.

"Things have gone wrong with me, and I must take to the greenwood. But where are my cousins?" asked Rob.

"They have this very day had to flee because they displeased the Sheriff's men. The Sheriff swore to put them in prison."

Then Rob told his story.

"I see you must really go," said his aunt.

"Yes; but I would first go to the tourney tomorrow, and win the silver arrow from the proud, cruel Sheriff. He hopes to have it given to his

daughter; but if I can help it, she shall not get it."

At last it was planned that Rob should disguise himself and go to the tourney in rags and patches, like a beggar. So on the morrow he set out in such dress that his own father would not have known him. He wore clothes of many colors, but queerest of all was the great hood he wore on his head.

Rob hardly knew whether he was happy or sad. So now he sang a merry tune, and now he walked in silence, thinking of Maid Marian, the silver arrow, and the Sheriff's daughter.

When he came to the lists, Rob mingled with the crowd. Everybody seemed happy, and everybody was ready to laugh at the looks of the beggar, who came with bow and arrow to shoot for the prize.

Just before the contest began, the Sheriff's herald blew a blast on the trumpet. When all was quiet, the herald announced that Robert Fitzooth had become an outlaw. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered for any one who should take him.

"I saw the fellow in the woods this very morning," said Rob to those who stood near him.

Soon the targets were ready, and the men began to shoot. Each man was to shoot three arrows.

Side by side with Rob stood a stout man with a red bandage over his left eye. The crowd laughed at him, just as they had laughed at Rob. These two hung back and waited to shoot last.

While the shooting was going on, Rob glanced about the gallery. Close to the Sheriff's box, he caught sight of the fair face that he had come to see. There was Maid Marian indeed.

Rob's heart gave a great thump, and a flash of joy shot across his face. Then came a look of determination and of triumph.

"I will win the arrow and present it to Maid Marian right under the very nose of the haughty Sheriff," he said to himself. "I will humble him

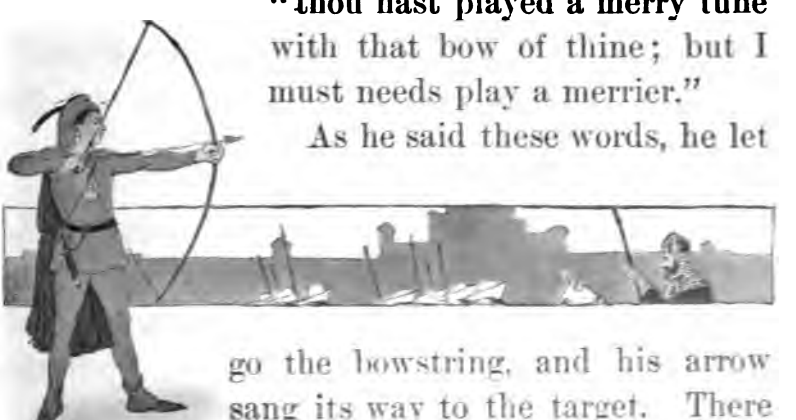
and his proud daughter, and will tell them, before the moon rises to-night, who I am that did it."

It was now the turn of the man with the red patch to shoot. He stepped forward, and the crowd set up a great shout of derision. The fellow cast a glance over his shoulder at them, drew himself up to his full height, and let go the arrow.

The arrow went true to its mark. It was the best that had been shot that day, falling almost in the center of the bull's eye.

"Hurrah! A brave shot! Well done, red patch!" came from the crowd. But the Sheriff and his friends were gloomy.

"Friend," said Rob, as he stepped forward, "thou hast played a merry tune with that bow of thine; but I must needs play a merrier."



As he said these words, he let go the bowstring, and his arrow sang its way to the target. There

was another shout from the crowd. Rob's arrow had landed fairly in the center.

The archers had to shoot three times. Each time Rob and the man with the red patch were the best. The second time the shots of these two were judged to be equally good, and the third time the man with the red patch shot squarely in the center. So Rob and he were tied for the prize.

It was arranged that they should shoot again to decide the matter. The target was moved farther away, and the two made ready.

"I am happy, lad," said he of the red patch, "that the prize is for you or me; for in either case, I see it will not go to the Sheriff's daughter."

"No," said Rob, "it is not for the Sheriff's daughter. The silver arrow is going to the sweetest girl in yonder gallery."

"Aye, lad, but you must win it first."

The man with the red patch shot first. The target was now twenty paces farther away, and much greater skill was required. He made a good shot, however; his arrow fell not far from the center.

Before Rob shot, he cast a glance at the gallery where sat Maid Marian; then he drew two more arrows from his quiver and examined them. He took the first and fitted it to his bowstring. Seeming hardly to take aim, he let go; and a second later the arrow was quivering in the very center of the target.

Before the people could recover from their astonishment, Rob shot the second arrow. It fell upon the first, splintering it to pieces. The third followed, falling upon the second, as the second had fallen upon the first.

The people were all dumb. They had never seen the like before. Then they burst out into shouting that made all Sherwood resound.

"Hurrah for him of the hood! Hurrah for the beggar archer! He is the merriest of them all!"

"Archer," said the Sheriff, as Rob went up to receive the prize, "I would pay thee well to serve in my guard."

"I serve no man but myself," answered Rob.

"Well, here is thy prize; see thou bestow it worthily," went on the Sheriff, still hoping for his daughter.

"It shall go to the most worthy in the gallery," said Rob; and he stepped over in front of the place where Maid Marian sat.

"To the fairest and worthiest," said Rob, extending the arrow to Maid Marian. At the same time he pushed his hood back a little, and looked directly at Maid Marian.

She knew Rob at once, but did not allow any one to see her surprise. She only smiled the sweetest smile that Rob thought he had ever seen.

"This arrow I shall prize as my greatest treasure as long as I

live," she said, "and may peace and happiness ever be yours, Rob in the hood."

That night, as the Sheriff was sitting at meat, an arrow came whizzing through the open window. It struck in the middle of the table. On the shaft was a note.

The Sheriff was too scared to touch it himself, but his servant unwound the note from the arrow.

"Compliments to the Sheriff," it said, "from the beggar who won the silver arrow, heretofore known as Robert Fitzooth; henceforth Robin Hood of the Merry Greenwood."

So Rob became Robin Hood and went to live in the forest.

A paragraph is usually made up of several sentences, all of which say something about the same thing.

Write a paragraph about one of the following: —

1. Robin at the Tournament.
2. The Man with the Red Patch.
3. The Sheriff at the Tournament.
4. Robin and Maid Marian.

TREASURE TROVE

Through the forest idly,
As my steps I bent,
With a free and happy heart,
Singing as I went,

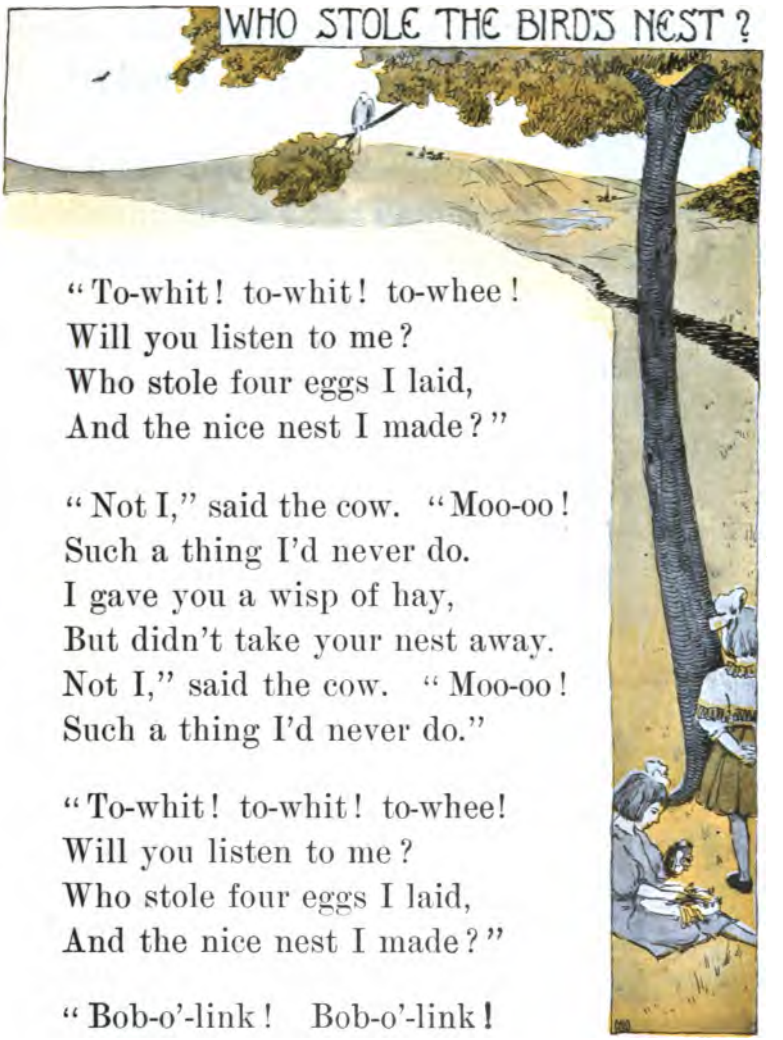
Growing in a shady nook
A floweret I did spy,
Bright as any star in heaven,
Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,
Thus to me it said,
"Wherefore pluck me only
To wither and to fade?"

Up with its roots I dug it,
I bore it as it grew,
And in my garden plot at home
I planted it anew;

All in a still and shady place,
Beside my home so dear;
And now it thanks me for my pains
And blossoms all the year.

— GOETHE.



"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take,
Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again,
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.

"I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green,
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

—Lydia Maria Child.

HOW ROBIN HOOD MET LITTLE JOHN

After sending his message to the Sheriff, Rob turned to the forest. That evening he found a band of men sitting about a fire, eating venison.

This company of men had been thrown together by common misfortune. A few days before they had talked of a leader, and had decided that they would obey him who should humble the proud Sheriff of Nottingham. So it was that Rob was made leader of the band under the name of Robin Hood.

All that summer Robin lived in the forest with his merry men. At last, however, Robin became weary of idleness. He longed for adventure.

"My lads," he said, "I must e'en see what is going on in Nottingham town."

So he disguised himself and set out, whistling a merry tune. Several of his men followed, to be within the sound of his horn.

Upon leaving the forest, Robin came upon a stream which was swollen by recent showers. The only way of gaining the other side was by means of a log that lay across from bank to bank.

On the opposite side of the stream Robin saw a man coming toward the log, so he hastened his steps to cross first. The stranger did the like, and the two met in the middle of the stream.

"Give way, my man," said Robin; "I would e'en cross this stream, on my way to Nottingham."

"Give way yourself, fair sir," retorted the stranger, who was much taller and heavier than Robin, "for I would e'en cross this stream, on my way *from* Nottingham. I give way only to a better man than myself."

"I see I must, then, show you the better man," replied Robin coolly. Since he had been made

leader of the band, Robin's opinion of himself had not grown smaller.

"Tarry where thou art," he added, "till I get me a cudgel like thine own," and he bounded

back to the woods, from which he soon returned with a stout oak staff, about six feet long.

"One — two —" began Robin, as he regained his place.

"Three!" roared the stranger, and brought down his staff with a mighty blow. Robin dodged nimbly, and at the same time dealt a blow that almost sent the stranger's cudgel into the stream.

Whack! Whack! Whack! But staff met staff. The footing on the log was small, and the two had to use all their skill to keep their places. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! The men began to get heated. The giant opposed to Robin began to breathe hard. Just at this moment Robin managed to hit him on the ribs.

"Peas and barley," roared the fellow, "thou hittest a strong stroke." In his anger he brought down another terrible blow, but Robin dodged; and before the other could recover, Robin dealt another blow on the stranger's ribs. He reeled, and Robin thought to see him fall into the stream. But the giant saved himself by a quick movement, and at the same time brought down a blow on Robin's head that sent him neatly into the stream.

"The cool bath will do thee good," he laughed, as he extended his staff to Robin.

"By King Henry and the Sheriff," said Robin, "how are thy ribs? My head hums like a swarm of bees on a summer morning."

"I am willing to call it quits," said the stranger, "if you will but give me news of Robin Hood. I must needs find him."

"I will call those who can tell you of him; but what business have you with such as he?" said Robin, and he blew his bugle.

"That is e'en the business of Robin Hood and of myself, if you will pardon me."

"It is my business, I tell thee."

"Wilt thou have another ducking?"

"Not at thy hands," replied Robin with a laugh, as a dozen of his men appeared on the scene.

"What means it, master, that thou art so wet? Thou look'st like a water rat," shouted Will Stutely.

Then the stranger knew that he had fought with no other than Robin Hood.

"This stranger and I had a difference of opinion," said Robin. "I tapped him with my

quarter staff, and he was so uncivil as to knock me into the stream."

"Then shall the like happen to him," said Will, and he made ready to carry out his threat.

"Hold, honest Will; 'twas a fair fight, and I think we came off about even."

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "that I fought with thee, for I was e'en on my way to ask to join thy band."

"Thou hast thy desire," answered Robin, "and I would take another wetting for more like thee. What is thy name?"

"John Little is the name by which I am known."

"Henceforth thy name shall be changed," put in Will Stutely, as he filled a horn with water. "This babe," he went on, "I christen LITTLE JOHN."

A shout went up from the band. Then one by one they all took Little John by the hand, and he promised to be true to them. He was given a crossbow and a quiver full of arrows. Then they all set out for camp, where they sat down to a tasty meal of venison.

Write each of the sentences below, placing the words in italics at the end. Rewrite the sentences, placing the words in italics at the beginning. Which position seems better?

1. Rob, *after sending his message to the Sheriff*, turned to the forest.
2. Robin lived *all that summer* in the forest.
3. Robin, *at last*, became weary of idleness.
4. Robin saw, *on the other side of the stream*, a man coming toward him.
5. The stranger, *after several blows*, knocked Robin into the stream.
6. That is the business of Robin Hood, *if you will pardon me*, and of myself.
7. Thy name *henceforth* shall be Little John.
8. A shout *finally* went up from the band.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—JAMES HOGG.

Friar Tuck was a merry soul, and much Robin enjoyed his stories and his knowledge of stews and meat pies. But the time came when Robin grew restless again. He must be off seeking new pastime.

As he was walking through the woods on his way home, he heard the sound of weeping. This was indeed something new. He turned aside to see where it came from.

He saw a youth in a most sad state. He was leaning against a tree. His eyes were red and his hair blown about. By his side lay a harp.

"I am most unhappy," said the youth, when Robin asked why he wept. "Yesterday I was the happiest man in the world."

"What has so changed you?" asked Robin.

"My lady, who is sweet and true to me, is forced by her cruel father to marry an old knight. Alas! I care not if I die!"

"Cheer up, my lad, something may be done yet. Come with me; a bit of venison and a merry tale will do thee no harm."

So Allan went with Robin and was greeted kindly by all the band. When he had eaten and had sat awhile by the camp fire, listening to the stories and songs of the merry men, he felt better. Then he played on his harp, and all were delighted.

"You are the one man I lack," said Robin. "You will add much to the joy of our evening. But tell me, when is this wedding to take place?"

"E'en to-morrow, kind sir; and then my good days are gone."

"Be merry, my lad, I have a plan. You yourself shall be the bridegroom to-morrow."

The next morning, Robin Hood, dressed as an old harper, set out, taking with him Allan's harp. Just before the time set for the wedding, he appeared at the door of the church.

"What do you want here?" asked the Bishop, as he passed in.

"I have but come to give my blessing to the bride. I hear she is a worthy damsel."

"Canst thou enliven us with a tune?" asked the Bishop.

"Aye," said Robin, "I can play a tune that will bring happiness to the bride. I can play a tune that will make merry the heaviest heart. I can play a tune that will bring a hundred people to wish health and happiness to those who are to be married here."

"Play that tune when the bride appears," said the Bishop.

"That will I gladly," answered the harper.

In a short time the bride appeared, leaning on the arm of her stern father. She was a lovely girl, but pale and sad.

Behind her came a thin old knight. He walked, leaning on a cane. His

hair was gray, and his face wrinkled. He was the bridegroom.

They passed into the church, and the service had begun. The Bishop was just about to pronounce them man and wife. Suddenly the harper spoke.

"Hold, I forbid this marriage till I have played the tune that will make this sad bride a merry one."

At this he blew a blast on his horn, which he drew from under his cloak. A hundred men in Lincoln Green rushed into the church.

"This is no groom for such a bride," cried Robin. "The bride must choose for herself."

"Do you choose this youth?" asked Robin, pointing to Allan-a-Dale.

Mistress Ellen blushed and smiled. She could not speak for joy.

"Do you choose this youth?" asked Robin again, "or do you wish the other?" and he pointed to the old knight.

Ellen extended her hand toward Allan.

"Bishop, marry this man and this maid."

But the Bishop refused.

"Then I must find a more worthy man to marry them," said Robin.

Friar Tuck then came forward. Dropping off his coat of Lincoln Green, he stood there clad as a priest. And in the midst of the stir and noise of the people, who were really glad, Allan and Ellen were married.

The bride and groom walked out of the church, followed by the merry men of Robin Hood. The bride and groom went to live in the greenwood, and never forgot how Robin had saved them from their unhappiness.

Answer each of the following questions in a complete sentence:

1. Why did Robin like the jolly Friar?
2. Why did Robin seek new pastime?
3. In what condition did Robin find Allan-a-Dale?
4. Why was Allan in so sad a state?
5. What did Robin say to Allan?
6. How did Robin plan to aid Allan?
7. What kind of tune did Robin tell the Bishop he could play?
8. Why do you think the people were glad that Ellen was married to Allan?

THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

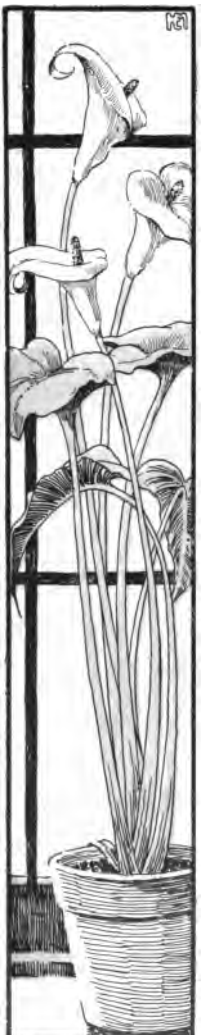
THE LILY

O beautiful lily,
So pure and white,
Why is it, I wonder,

The sun shines so bright
And the house is so lovely
Since you've been here
To tell us that springtime
Is drawing near?

O lovely lily,
Whenever I see
Your glad white sweetness,
It seems to me
That nothing ever
In all the world
Was half so pure
As your petals curled.

If always, forever,
O sweet lily white,
You only could stay here
And make things bright,
I'm sure I should never
Feel hateful again,
But be like the sunshine
After the rain.



—C. M. S.

HOW ROBIN WON THREE FOLLOWERS

Part I

Robin Hood never could be at rest. He had plenty to eat, plenty to wear, and a host of good companions. Yet he was not happy.

"My lads," he said to Little John and Allan-a-Dale, "I have a mind for some fun to-day. What say you?"

The next minute all three were strolling off through the wood. It was a hot day, and soon they all sat down by a brookside near the road. The sound of the babbling brook was sweet to their ears, and the scent of violets was sweet to the smell.

"By my faith," said Robin, "I think our sport is not far off."

Little John looked down the road and saw, coming toward them, a stranger. He was dressed all in scarlet. He was whistling a gay tune, and he seemed as happy as if the whole world were his.

"My heart almost fails me," said Robin. "It is a shame to stop so merry a song. Yet I fear I

must e'en do it. I trust his purse is not so light as his heart."

So saying, Robin bounded out into the road. The others lay hid in the bushes.

"Yon fellow, for all his gay clothes, is no sapling," murmured Little John, as he peeped out. "I think we shall enjoy this more than Master Robin."

The stranger did not seem to notice Robin at all. He came walking along, smelling a rose. Robin shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Allan-a-Dale and Little John laughed to themselves.

The scarlet stranger seemed to be about to walk right over Robin. Nothing like that had ever happened before. Robin was almost angry.

"Stand!" he shouted. "Would you run straight over a man thus?"

"And why should I stand, fair sir?" asked the stranger, sweetly.

"Because I bid you!" said Robin, getting warmer.

"And who art thou that bidst me?" went on the stranger, calmly.

"I am a taxgatherer," replied Robin. "It is my duty, sir, to examine thy purse. I would see that thou hast not more shillings than is thy right."

"Thou art a funny fellow," said the stranger. "I pray thee continue; thou dost amuse me greatly."

This mild speech did not make Robin any cooler. Indeed his face became a bit red.

"I have no more to say," he replied. "I simply bid thee hand over thy purse. Else I shall have to dust thy dainty clothes with my stick."

"Alas! fair sir," answered the stranger, "it grieves me sorely that I cannot let thee examine my purse."

"Once more," shouted Robin, "I bid thee deliver thy purse."

"Alas! 'tis a pity," said the stranger, sweetly. "but I fear I must run thee through with my sword."

Little John and Allan were almost splitting with laughter.

"Put up thy pretty blade," said Robin; "I should spoil it at the first blow of my cudgel. If thou wilt have thy head cracked, go to the wood and get a stick like mine own."

"I think thou art right," said the man in scarlet. He laid aside his sword, and walked a few steps into the oak forest. Finding a sapling to his liking, he pulled it up, roots and all, as easily as if it had been a morning-glory. He then walked back, trimming off the branches.

"I think I am ready," said the stranger, at last.

Whack! went the cudgels. The stranger rained down blows upon Robin, but none of them hit him. Robin could not touch the stranger.

Little John laughed so that he rolled into the brook. Allan held his hands over his mouth to keep from shouting.

Back and forth the two pranced in the road. They kicked up so much dust that they were almost choked. Robin managed to hit the stranger once or twice. But the man paid no attention whatever.

The blows kept falling thick and fast. It seemed as if the fight was going to last forever.

Finally, however, the stranger hit Robin a clip on the hand that made him bend over with pain. Before he could straighten up, another blow fell full on his ribs. It sent him rolling in the dust.

"I think Master Robin has e'en enough," said Little John. He sprang out to the road.

"Hold!" he shouted.

"I am not offering to strike while he is down," said the stranger, mildly. "But if there is a whole nest of you about, cluck out the rest. I will fight you all."

"Nay!" quoth Robin; "there has been fighting enough this day. And a fair fight it was."

All this while the stranger was eying Robin.

"Art thou not," he said at last, "Robin Hood, leader of the Merry Men of Sherwood?"

"Thou sayest right; but methinks the men are much merrier than the master to-day."

"Had I but known thee at once, this battle never should have been fought. Look at me, Rob, my lad. Dost not know thine old chum?"

"Will Gamewell!" shouted Robin, in high glee. And he threw his arms around Will. "But what brings you here?"

"A mere trifle," said Will. "A saucy servant of the Sheriff was brutal to my old father. I hit him harder than I meant. He is laid up for life, and so I am here."

Part II

They had not gone far, when Little John heard a sound in the woods. He stepped aside to see what it might be.

"By my faith," he said, "it is a bold rascal after the King's deer. Master Robin, here is another chance for thee. Perhaps it will go better with thee this time."

"Little John, I think it is thy turn. See what yon rogue has to say for himself."

Little John stepped out, and the others concealed themselves.

"Hold!" cried Little John, as the stranger was about to draw his bow to shoot a deer. "Hold, I say. What excuse hast thou for drawing thy bow against the King's deer? Who art thou?"

"I am none other than Arthur-a-Bland, the Tanner, fair sir. I need no excuse for thee."

"Thou shalt answer me," said Little John, advancing. "Defend thyself with thy stick."

Then another battle began. Little John had found his match at last. The Tanner was the best man with the quarter staff in Lincolnshire, except Little John himself.

They fought even as Robin and Will Scarlet had fought. And Robin enjoyed it just as Little John had enjoyed the former fight.

At last Arthur-a-Bland served Little John just as Will Scarlet had served Robin.

"Hold! Tanner," shouted Robin, rushing out. "Enough is enough. Thou art a good yeoman. Wilt thou serve in Robin Hood's band?"

"Aye, that I will, and gladly," said the Tanner. And they all took him by the hand, and he became one of them.

Part III

They set out for camp. But, as they were crossing a road, they espied a man coming up the road. He was carrying a large bag on his back.

"Ah, my lads," said Robin, "it is the honest miller. Yet what say you, if we have some fun with him?"

"I trust, master, it may turn out better than some of the sport we have had," said Little John.

"Methinks all together we should be able to take care of ourselves," said Will Scarlet.

"We will relieve him of his bag of meal," went

on Robin; "and listen to his moan. Afterwards we will pay him thrice the value of his grist. How say you, my lads?"

"'Tis well thought of," they cried.

So they all hid in the bushes till the miller came near. Then Robin crept out and spoke to him.

"Good day, honest miller," said he; "thou hast a fine sack of meal on thy back."

"Let an honest man go about his affairs," he said.

"Nay," said Robin, "I would simply lighten thy load a bit. It is too heavy for thee. Besides, I think there is something other than meal in that sack. What think you, lads?"

The others came bounding out.

"'Tis very likely," said Little John. "'Twould be a very proper place to carry coins."

"Believe me," replied the miller, "I have no coins. I am but a poor man. Let me go my way."

"Down with thy sack, miller," said Robin. And he opened it and was about to pour out the meal.

"Hold!" cried the miller; "waste not my grist. I will pull out the coins for thee. They are at the bottom of the sack."

He bent over and reached down into the meal up to the elbows.

"Ah! I have them," he cried. "Here they are!"

The men were gathered around the sack, waiting to see the coins come up. But the miller drew

up two great handfuls of the fine meal, and threw it into their faces. Their eyes and mouths were filled. They were both choked and blinded.

Then the miller took his staff and beat them soundly.

"Take that, thou robber of honest men," he shouted, dealing Robin a blow on the ribs. "And what art thou howling about, scarlet bird?" he said, giving Will Scarlet a sound clip on the ribs. "And here, giant, take thy share," he went on, and struck Little John a blow that made him reel.

As soon as one had got the meal from his eyes so that he could see, the miller threw more in. Then he took to wielding his cudgel again.

"Hold, man!" shouted Robin, at last. "I am Robin Hood, and will have thy ears clipped for this."

"Robin Hood is an honest man," replied the miller, "and if he caught thee robbing honest men, he would make short work of thee." And the miller dealt Robin another blow with the staff.

But now Robin managed to get his horn to his lips, and blew a blast. Out of the woods came his men on the run.

"What is this?" shouted Will Stutely. "Master, thou art in a sorry plight."

"Yea, honest Will; this varlet had like to have murdered us all. Thou hast saved our lives."

"Let us hang the villain," shouted Robin's men.

"Nay, nay, lads, the fault is mine own. I think he will make a good man for us. What sayest thou, Miller? Wilt thou serve Robin Hood?"

"Right gladly, if he will forget how I have dealt with him this day."

"Miller, thou hast shown thyself a good yeoman. But since thou art so tender with thy blows, we shall christen thee Midge the Miller."

They all took Midge the Miller by the hand, and he swore to be true to Robin Hood and the band. Then they all went to a tasty supper of venison.

Write a letter to a pupil in some other school. Describe how the Miller got the better of Robin and his men.

THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it,
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."

Yes, my little wild poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly,
"New, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again."
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE WILD BEE'S SONG

Who knows the song that the wild bee sings,
As he soars from the wood on his gauzy wings,
And to apple blossom and wild flower clings,
With heart as glad as a thousand kings?

I think this song of the busy wild bee,
As he flits from flower to apple tree,
So full of life and of springtime glee,
Is as happy a song as ever could be. — C. M. S.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW

The Sheriff of Nottingham Town was a selfish man and something of a tyrant. As he had wronged Robin Hood in former days, so he still did wrong to many other people.

One evening, as Robin Hood was making his way toward camp, he came upon an old widow. She was weeping by the roadside.

"Why do you weep, my good woman?" asked Robin, going up to her. "Tell me, for I am sworn to defend widows and the fatherless. And I know you, though you know not me."

"Alas! good sir, I would have speech with Master Robin Hood. He is the only man that can help me."

"Robin Hood stands before you, my good woman; and he and his men are at your service."

"Ah! good Master Robin, I had three strong sons; but, alas! the Sheriff took them, and for a small offense they are to be hanged to-morrow at dawn.

"Thou knowest, Master Robin, the fine herd of cattle my sons had. The Sheriff desired them and

sought an excuse to take them. He took my youngest son and threw him into prison. Since my son had no money to pay a fine, the Sheriff sent his man to take the herd. But my other sons beat the man soundly, and sent him away. And now the proud Sheriff will hang all three."

"Go home, my good woman, and rest thyself. Let the Sheriff take the herd. He shall pay well for it; and, if my plan fails not, thy three stalwart sons shall be safe in the greenwood tomorrow ere noon."

Next morning at sunrise, Robin, in the dress of a palmer, made his way into Nottingham. His men were near at hand. Some of them were in the town in disguise, and others just outside the gate, hidden in the bushes.

When the three men were brought from prison, Robin's men gathered around them. All at once a blast from a bugle sounded. There was a rush from the gate and one from within.

The prisoners were surrounded. Their bonds were cut, and before the Sheriff's men knew what had happened, Robin's men were sweeping toward the gate. The Sheriff's men charged them, but

were held at a safe distance by Robin's archers. Soon they were all safe in the greenwood.

Robin had yet to make the Sheriff pay for the cattle he had wrongfully taken. After some thought, he clad himself as a rustic and went to Nottingham. He went directly to the Sheriff and proposed to sell him a fine herd of cattle. The Sheriff was eager for barter and promised to come for the cattle on the following day.

On the morrow the Sheriff set out. He had not gone far from town, however, when he was stopped in the road by a man.

"What means this?" cried the Sheriff, in a rage. "Know you not that I am Sheriff of Nottingham, and will have thee hanged for staying me?"

"Dost thou know the sound of this horn?" asked Robin Hood, as he blew three blasts. "I believe, Sir Sheriff, thou wouldst buy some cattle. Come with me. I will sell them to thee for as much as they are worth."

At this, fifty men in Lincoln Green appeared. There was nothing else to do, so the Sheriff went along, silent and angry, yet afraid. Robin took him to camp.

"Sheriff, it is our custom to eat first and barter afterwards. Rest thee till dinner is ready."

It was a feast that the Merry Men set before the Sheriff. He ate well. Then Allan-a-Dale played on his harp, and Will Scarlet trolled a ballad, and so the time sped away.

"Well, my lord Sheriff," said Robin, at last, "the herd I would sell thee is e'en the one thou hast taken from the widow's sons. The cattle are worth a hundred pounds. Is it a bargain?"

"Aye," said the Sheriff, "it is a bargain. I have no choice but to pay."

"Besides, my lord Sheriff, we have a quaint custom here. It is this: our guests pay the bill for the feast. I think another hundred pounds will do for that. What say you, lads?"

"Master Robin says well," they shouted.

"Send an order by thy man for the two hundred pounds, and we will conduct thee to the highway in safety."

The proud Sheriff signed the order, and in a few hours he found himself safely in Nottingham.

Robin Hood himself carried the whole two hundred pounds to the widow.

"This, my good woman," he said, "will pay thee in part for the absence of thy sons."

Write complete answers to the following questions:

1. Why did Robin Hood come to the greenwood to live?
2. What kind of man do you think him to be?
3. Why does Robin show kindness to the widow?
4. What kind of man is the Sheriff?
5. Why does Robin make the Sheriff pay twice the value of the herd?
6. Why do the widow's sons remain in the greenwood?

HOW ROBIN HOOD SHOT BEFORE THE KING

King Henry took pride in his archers. He decided to hold a tourney at Finsbury Field, to learn who were the best archers in his service. So the tourney was proclaimed, and all London was awaiting the holiday.

Queen Elinor thought she would play a joke

on the King. She asked Maid Marian about Robin Hood and his comrades. So it was that Maid Marian dressed herself as a page and set out for Sherwood Forest to ask Robin to come to London.

Right glad was Robin to see Maid Marian, although he did not know her at first. And right glad was he to go to London to shoot against the archers of the King.

Robin took with him Little John, Will Stutely, Will Scarlet, and Allan-a-Dale; and Mistress Dale went along as company for Maid Marian. Dressed in their finest clothes, they were good to look upon, as they made their way to London.

Queen Elinor received them with all kindness, and was delighted with Allan-a-Dale's

playing on the harp. She was so pleased with the sweetness of Mistress Dale that she wished to keep her at the Court.

The day after Robin and his band arrived in London was the day of the tourney. Everybody went to Finsbury Field.

It was a fine summer morning, and everybody was happy. The King, and the Queen, and the people, all were full of joy.

When the hour for the contest came, the herald blew a clear note on his bugle. All became silent. Two hundred of the best archers of the kingdom were drawn in line.

King Henry began to boast about the skill of his men.

"What if I can produce better archers than your five best?" said Queen Elinor.

"The prizes shall be theirs, and I will give you whatever boon you may ask," answered the King.

"Find your five best," answered the Queen, "and I will match them."

So the contest began, and there was much shooting before the King found the five best.

There were many. good shots, and the people cried out for joy.

At last the five best stood before the King and received his praise. They were Tepus, Gilbert of the White Hand, Clifton, Roundly, and Harold the Straight.

"Bring forth your archers!" said Henry to the Queen.

Just then Maid Marian, in her page's suit, entered Finsbury Field, and with her were Robin and his companions. All were dressed in their gayest clothes. The people set up a great shout as they beheld the goodly company.

"These are my archers," said the Queen, "and your Majesty's men will need to shoot their best."

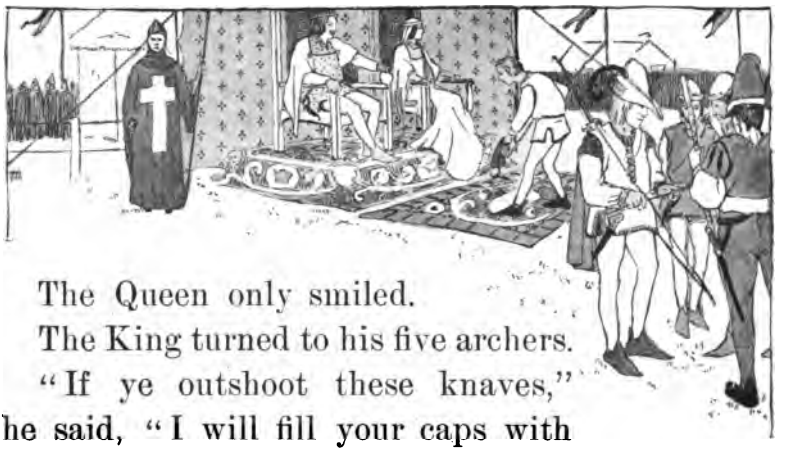
"By my halidom!" said the King, "these must be hardy men to shoot against my archers!"

At this moment one of the King's men came up and told the King that the leader of the band was Robin Hood.

"Is this true?" asked the King of the Queen.

"Yes, my lord, it is true."

"How bold the knaves are!" said Henry. "We will see them shoot; then they go to prison."



The Queen only smiled.
The King turned to his five archers.
"If ye outshoot these knaves," he said, "I will fill your caps with silver pennies; and your leader shall be a Knight."

The targets were now set up, and the men got ready to shoot. The King's men were to shoot first each time. Each was to send three arrows.

Clifton of the King's men was to shoot against Will Scarlet. Two of Clifton's arrows went true and hit the black center, but the third swerved aside.

"Take good aim, my sweet coy," said Robin to Will Scarlet, as he was about to shoot. Will was taking too much care, and his shot was poorer than the worst of Clifton's.

"Pardon my advice, coy," said Robin, "shoot as you please."

Will's other arrows fell inside the arrows of Clifton. Clifton, however, was judged the better because Will's arrow had fallen so far from the center.

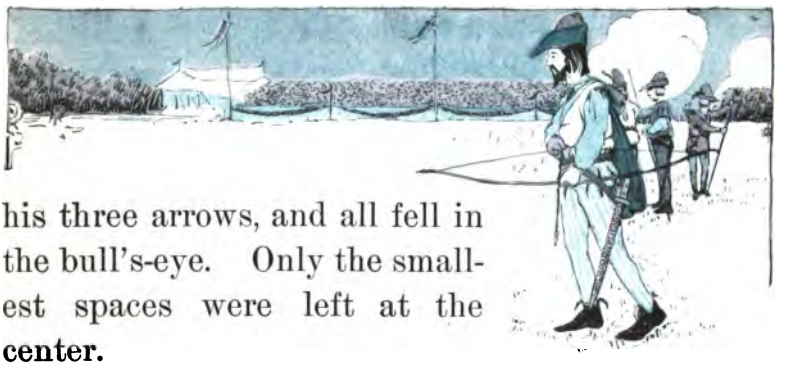
Will bit his lip, but said nothing.

Geoffrey and Allan-a-Dale were to shoot next. Allan was a favorite among the ladies because of his gentle manners. The fame of his skill on the harp, too, had spread among them.

"Do but aim as well as you play, and you will win!" they cried.

Allan did not disappoint his friends. All three of his arrows fell nicely inside those of Geoffrey. Every one applauded.

In the next contest, Will Stutely was declared vanquished by Eyln the Welshman. In the fourth contest, Tepus did excellent shooting for the King, but the skill of Little John was too much for him. It was the best shooting that had been done, and all the people shouted lustily. The score was a tie. Last came Gilbert and Robin Hood. All the people held their breath. Gilbert shot



his three arrows, and all fell in the bull's-eye. Only the smallest spaces were left at the center.

"Well done!" cried the King. "Can you beat that, Sir Knave?" he went on, turning to Robin.

"If he had placed one *there*, another *there*, and the third *there*," said Robin, letting his three arrows fly, one after another, "your Majesty might have declared Gilbert the best archer in the kingdom."

Robin's three arrows had packed themselves into the very center, so that they looked like one great arrow.

"Gilbert is not beaten yet," cried the King, as he arose in great excitement. "No better shot can be made than three in the bull's-eye."

"As your Majesty likes," said Robin. "Let me set a target for the final test."

Robin then cut a small willow wand and set it up in place of the target.

"I scarce can see it," said Gilbert.

Gilbert's arrow flew harmlessly by the wand. Then Robin took aim. His arrow flew true to the mark, splitting the wand in twain.

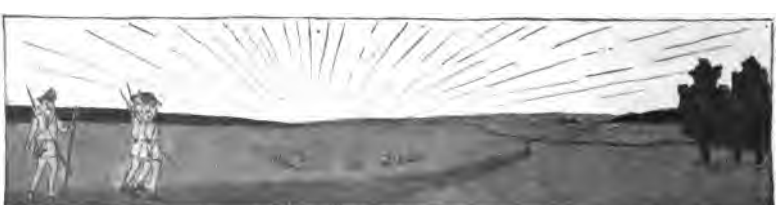
"These bold outlaws have the prizes," said King Henry, in anger, "but I shall have them to fill my dungeons."

He was about to give order for their arrest; but the Queen smiled sweetly upon Robin and his men. Then she turned to the King.

"My good lord," she said, "I crave the boon thou hast promised me. Let these brave men depart in peace."

"Thou hast my kingly word; it shall be as thou sayest. But let them take heed hereafter."

So Robin and his men went back in safety to the merry greenwood.



Write a story of two or three paragraphs on one of the following subjects: —

1. How Maid Marian came to Sherwood.
2. How Robin and his Men went before the Queen.
3. How Robin and his Men shot at the King's Tourney.
4. How the Queen saved Robin and his Men from Prison.

THE FLOWERS

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames —
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods, below whose boughs,
Fairies weave a shady house;
Tiny tree tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

HOW KING RICHARD CAME TO SHERWOOD

The days, and the months, and the years passed away. The time sped merrily in the greenwood. The band kept growing, till Robin Hood had more than two hundred faithful followers.

King Henry tried to break up the merry company; but now he was dead. King Richard was on the throne. All of Robin's men rejoiced at this. They all admired the brave knight.

When Richard returned to England after the crusade, the Sheriff carried many tales to him.

"Sir Sheriff," replied Richard, "I think I will come to Sherwood myself, to look after these bold woodsmen."

The Sheriff went away in great glee. He little thought how things would turn out.

So it happened that, on a fine day in early autumn, King Richard entered Sherwood forest

alone. He was clad as a simple knight. Not knowing just where to go, he let his horse take his own way. After a few hours' wandering, Richard found himself before Fountain Abbey.

Inside he heard the sound of music and laughter. The Friar was singing and making mirth for his own amusement. After some delay, Richard was admitted. That evening he and the Friar had a jolly time with feasting, with music, and with merry tales and ballads.

On the morrow, the Friar conducted Richard toward camp. Richard was delighted with the sweetness of the greenwood.

"In good faith," he said, "I think I could spend all my days here. There is no court like it under the sun."

He had scarcely spoken when a man stepped out into the path before them. It was no other than Robin Hood himself. He pretended not to know the Friar, and the Friar pretended not to know him.

"Hold!" cried Robin. "This is not the highway, and all travelers here must explain their going and coming."

"I am not in the habit of yielding to one man."

"Then I must have others to assist me," said Robin; and he gave a low whistle. At this, a score of men came forward.

"Who you are, I know not; but have a care. I am a messenger from the King, and would have speech with Robin Hood. Can you conduct me to him?"

"God save King Richard!" said Robin, taking off his cap and bowing low. "I am Robin Hood; but the gallant King has no truer subjects than I and my men. But come, before we part, you shall taste of our greenwood cheer."

They moved on, and at last came near the camp. Then Robin blew three blasts on his horn. Some men in Lincoln Green began to appear. They all bent the knee to Robin, and then took their places at the table.

On Robin's right, stood a handsome, dark-haired page, to wait on him and the guest. It was as fine a feast as Richard had ever tasted, and the fresh woodland air had given him a good appetite.

"Our first pleasure," said Robin, as they sat down, "shall be a health unto the King."

A shout went up from every throat, "Long live gallant King Richard!"

The time went merrily till all were well fed.

"Now," said Robin, "you shall be able to report to the King of the life we lead."

The men arose and strung their bows for practice. A small wreath was set up on a small wand. Whoever did not shoot through it was to receive a buffet from the Friar.

One after another the men shot, and arrow after arrow sped through the wreath without touching it. Richard had never seen such shooting. At last the Tinker missed the mark and was brought before the Friar for punishment. The Friar sent him rolling among the dry leaves.

Just as the shooting was over, a horn sounded in the wood, and a party of Knights came into view.

"'Tis our friend Sir Richard of the Lea," said Little John, as the Knights came nearer.

"I trust your Majesty has had no need for us," said Sir Richard, as he came forward.

"The King himself!" cried Will Scarlet, and kneeled before Richard.

All the others followed his example.

"Your pardon, sire," said Robin, "for these my brave lads. They are ready to serve you all your days."

"Is it so?" asked Richard of the kneeling band.

"Yea, sire; it is as our leader says," came from every man.

"Arise, then," exclaimed Richard; "full and free pardon I grant you all. I appoint you Royal Archers; you shall be mine own bodyguard.

"But, Master Robin," went on the King, "was there not a lady of the Court named Marian whom thou once loved? What hast become of her? Hast thou forgotten her?"

Robin knelt in silence before the King. The dark-haired page stepped forward.

"Nay, sire, he has not forgotten me," said Marian herself.

Richard drew his sword and touched Robin Hood on the shoulder.

"Rise, Robin Fitzooth, Earl of Huntington!" he cried; "and the first command I give thee, my lord Earl, is to come to Nottingham to-morrow and take this maid for thy wife.

"Master Little John, you shall serve me as Sheriff of Nottingham. And, honest Stutely, you I appoint Chief Forester."

So on the morrow the band went to Nottingham, and thereafter to serve the King. It was a sad day in the greenwood. Life there had been a happy one. But all knew that the new life was for the best.

VACATION SONG

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,
And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! oh, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west
The school of Nature I love the best.

— KATHARINE LEE BATES.

VOCABULARY

NOTE. — It has been deemed wise to use few diacritical marks in this vocabulary. Only those for the long and short vowels have been introduced.

Wherever phonograms appear with which the pupil should be familiar, the markings have been omitted.

Sounds that could not be explained except by the introduction of additional markings have been left for the oral work of the teacher.

Difficult words occurring on two or more pages are repeated.

11

ĕlves
folks (fōks)
sawed-off
pur'ple
sŭd'den lў

12

won'der ful
lĕg'end

13

trăv'eled
Ger'trude
wēa'rĭ nĕss
wĕl'come
ques'tion (kwĕs'chun)

14

greed'ў
pa'tient ly (pā'shent lĭ)
hōp'ing
sĕlf'ĭsh
wor'thў
hū'man

15

hĕnce fōrth'
ŭt'ter
dĭs ap pēared'
chĭm'neў
scar'lĕt
fĕath'ers

16

bōr'ing
tăp'ping
bas'kĕt

17

pre'cious (prĕsh'us)
pĕlf
neigh'bor (nā'ber)
this'tle (thĭs'l)
sē'crĕt
corn'crĭb
brĕak'fast
dawn

18

bŭck'whēat
spăr'rōw
wrĭn'kled
bot'tom (bŏt'tum)
sĕv'er al

19

har'vĕst
plĕn'tĭ ful
pĭ'ous
hu mĭl'ĭ tў
bōast'ĕd
com păn'ions
stū'pĭd
drĕad'ful
re fūs'ing

20

ān'gel

shrĭnk'ing
tĕm'pĕst
re frĕshed'
brēathe

21

pŭn'ĭsh ment
re cēived'

22

pout'ing
griēf
lēaf'lĕts
frŏl'ĭcked

23

au'tumn
breeze
cōax
frĕt
urge
hŭd'dled
mur'mured

24

găl'lop

25

cŭs'tom
e nough' (e nŭf')
com pĕlled'
Măn' ĭ tou
coŭr'age
war'rior
(war'yer)

be lieve'
chiēf
trī'al
lodge (lŏj)
al lowed'

26

cru'ĕl

27

sur prīse'
ăn'ger
sŏr'row ful ly
wĭg'wam
chirp

28

griēv'ing
ĕn'e mĭes
ĭn'sĕcts
lan'guage
(lăng'gwaj)

29

ĕx ăm'ple
fŏr sōōk'
de cīd'ĕd
căp'ture

30

piērce
wound'ed
stāined

31

de scĕnd'ants

33

fruit'-lād en
hōar'-frost
rĕv'el ing
dow'er
prŏm'ĭse

34

prĕs'ence

35

vā'cant
rā'dĭ ant
come'lĭ er
de vĕl'oped
răg'gĕd
worth'lĕss
cŭm'bered
ĭll-shāp'en
poi'son ous

36

re quĕst'
mĭdst

37

ar rīved'
o mĭt'ting
ĕn'trance

38

as tŏn'ĭshed
ō'dor
dĭ rĕc'tion

39

hŭs'band
com'fort
(cŭm'fert)
cēased

40

for'tune
a wāk'ened
ĭn vīt'ĕd

41

ĕn'vĭ ous
bŏr'rōw

42

mer'chant
ĭn quīred'

43

as tŏn'ĭsh ment
shov'el (shŭv'l)
fĭ'nal ly
at tĕn'tion

45

tăr'ry
bŭd'ding
cof'fers

46

chest'nuts
(chĕs'nŭts)
gar'land ĕd
ĭn clīne'

dĭn'gle
wĕalth
trĕas'ures
(trĕzh'urz)
dĭs'tant
re doubt'
(re dowt')

47

do mĭn'ions
e quā'tor
cōurs'ers
gōal
vĭs'age

48

Hās'san
stew'ard
Per'sia (per'sha)
cŏm'mon

49

busi'ness
(bĭz'nĕss)
hĭred
bŭck'ĕt
ĕmp'tў

51

pi'geon (pĭj'un)
mĭst'ў
sī'lent lў
creep'ing

52

grōan'ing
ăn'guĭsh
mōan'ing
mōurn'ful
a līve'
wĭth'ered

53

blăn'kĕt
plum'ў
sōwn

54

frĭsk'ў
scăm'per ing
gāzed
re marked'
ĕx ceed'
sought (sawt)

57

Thom'as
(tŏm'as)
prŏm'ĭsed
re mĕm'ber
prĭck'lў
por'cu pīne
hĕdge'hŏg
shāved
Green'wich
(grĭn'ĭj)
tĭck'le some
strēak'ў
af fĕc'tion ate

58

stare (stair)
ghōst
watched

59

slŭm'bered
mŭt'ter ing
slĕdge
wĕdge
knŏcked
fĭerce
crēa'ture
grĭm

60

thĭnned
thrĕad
snŭff
glŭm
rĕv'els
hal lōōed'
whĭs'tle
rōar

61

Ger'ma nў
pro tĕct'ĕd

62

per suād'ĕd
min'utes
(mĭn'ĭts)
prŏb'a blў

63

quĭ'ĕt
trĕas'ure
hŭr'rĭed lў
Linz (lĭnts)
at tăck'
tĕr'rĭ blў
frĭght'ened
piĕc'ĕs
dĭs turbed'

64

de fĕnd'
pŭn'ĭshed
prāised
e rĕct'
mŏn'u ment
hŏn'or (ŏn'er)
māy'or
fā'mous

65

pĕn'cĭled
pānes
strĕtch
knīghts (nīts)
arm'or
plumes
shĭn'ing
shiēlds

66

gauz'y (gaw'zy)
ŭn der nēath'

brēathe
frōz'en

67

pĭt'ĭed

68

per form'
fōrc'ing
chāins

69

growled
a mūse'
sur prīse'
guards (gards)
crămped
thirst

70

măg'ĭc
mō'ment
ĕgg'-shāped

71

ăd mīred'
drēar'ў
wāste

72

ĕx chānge'

73

un fas'ten
(ŭn fas'n)

mĭr'ror
crawl

74

whĭsk'ers
păs'sion
rŭbbed
suc ceed'ĕd

75

ŭn ēas'ў
an'swer (an'ser)
măn'ners
tongue (tŭng)
tur'tles

76

hŭr'rĭed
a mūs'ing
dĭf'fer ent
hĕav'ў

77

ĭm mē'dĭ ate lў
friĕnds
ĕn joyed'
twirl'ing
whirl'ing

78

cō'zў
shriĕk
crēak
boughs (bows)
breāk

tĭght
ĕn'trў
strāight
moun'taĭn
nes'tles (nĕs'lz)
fur'rў
drow'sў
cŭd'dled

79

ĕlf
dōr'mouse
tōad'stōōl
fēar'ing
shĕl'ter

80

tūgged
tŏp'pled
grā'cious
la mĕnt'ĕd
ŭm brĕl'las
ĭn vĕnt'ĕd

81

Kĭng Ăl'frĕd
Dānes
kĭng'dom
răg'gĕd
serv'ant
bĕg'gar
ēa'ger lў

82

fĭn'ĭshed

whĕth'er
con tĭn'ūed
won'der ing lў

83

reign (rān)
fād'ĕd
māin'lānd
sur round'ĕd
sōl'diers

84

ad drĕss'
com plēte'
ĭn'ter ĕst ing

85

gui tar' (gĭ tar')
ĕl'e gant
fowl
charm'ing lў
măr'rĭed
tăr'rĭed

86

bŏng'tree
shĭl'ling
slīc'ĕs
quĭnc'ĕs
rŭn'cĭ ble

87

rōv'er
per'fūme
through (thrōō)

trĕad
văn'ĭsh ĕs

91

Ech'o (ĕk'ō)
Nar cĭs'sus
Greece
nymphs
fault (fawlt)
ĭm po līte'

92

pŭn'ĭshed
se vēre'lў
sau'cў
pīned

93

re pēats'
ĭm'ĭ tāte
lo͞ok'ing-glass

94

at tĕn'tion
ĕn tīre'lў
Vē'nus
clasp

95

sŏr'rōw
lēaned

96

de sīre'
ĭm plōred'
ăd mīred'
ĭm ăg'ĭne
re flĕc'tion

97

po͞ols
cū'pĭd
slŭm'ber ing
pĭt'e ous

98

wound'ed
(wo͞on'dĕd)
so͞oth
stŭng
ser'pent
rŭs'tĭc
hăp'lĕss

99

ging'ham
(gĭng'am)
căl'ĭ cō
Dŭtch
Chī nēse'
tĕr'rĭ ble
lĭt'tered

100

drĕad'ĕd
wal'lōwed
tŭm'bled
ĕm ploy'ing
aw'ful
ĕx ăg'ger āte
views

101

bur'glars
rē'al lў
e ter'nĭ tў
a fōre'tīme

102

mŭs'ter
perk'ing
cŏck'ing
ro'guish
(rōg'ĭsh)
spar'kle

103

Mĭ ka'dō
de scĕnd'ant
Hō hō'mĭ
Prĭnce Rō'ku
ŏc cu pā'tion
prĕ'cious

104

dĭs cov'ered
pos sĕs'sion
ŭn suc cĕss'ful
per cēive'
ŭn for'tu nate

105

wĕap'ons
for'ward

106

ca noe' (ka no͞o')
a māzed'
dĭ rĕct'lў
be nēath'

107

pĭtch'er
Tō tō'ya
re flĕc'tion
strān'ger

108

sŭb'jĕcts
cŭt'tle fĭsh
sĭ'lence
ob serve'
dŏl'phĭn
swōl'len
con dŭct'
hĭth'er

109

lŏb'ster
phў sĭ'cian
re move'
re stōred'
fā'vor
ĕn ter tāin'
ĕx plāined'
drăg'on
bōde

112

lĭm'ĭt ĕd
ĕn gī neer'
păs'sen ger

păl'ace
whĭs'tle
sŭm'mons
a bōard'

113
spĕ'cial
grā'cious
sĭeve
ĕr'rand
tor'toise (tor'tus)
Shah

114
al'tar
Pē'rĭ
ĕx tĕnd'ĕd

115
ver'dure
has'tened
(hās'nd)
par'ents
for'tune
Sŭl'tan
de sīre'
sē'crĕt lў

116
dĕs'ert
săt'ĭs fīed
rĕs'cūed

117
sug gĕst'ĕd
con sĭd'er a ble
false (fawls)

118
thrŭst
vĭx'en
ĭn quīre'

119
trĕas'ure
con dŭct'ĕd
fŏs'ter

120
mar'veled
păr'a dīse

121
ĭm pōsed'
wĭtch'craft
be wĭtch'

122
cў̆m'bals

123
trŭmp'ĕt
peek'a bōō

124
trăv'erse
lā'zĭ lў
rĭck'ĕt ў
dĭs'tant
nā'bŏbs

125
har'bor
măn'date
reign'eth
(rān'ĕth)

126
mĭs'chĭef
glis'tened
(glĭs'nd)
con tĭn'ūe
dĭs tĭnct'lў
scŭd'dĕd

128
ĭ'cў̆
eels
ĕx ăm'ple
ŏt'ter

129
vĭs'ĭ tor
com mand'ĕd
wĭl'lōw

130
drown
dĭs gŭst'
a shāmed'

131
serv'ice (ser'vĭs)
shăd'ōw
pro tĕcts'

132
ăd vĕn'ture
sĭm'ĭ lar
po līte'

133
ĭn'sĕcts
dāin'tў
ĭn vĭ tā'tion
prŏp'er

134
fas'tened
(fas'nd)
clŭm'sў
move'ments

135
tēase
fōōl'ĭsh nĕss

137
wam'pum
ach'ing (āk'ing)

139
Hĭ a wa'tha
Gĭtch'ĭe
Gaum'ee
Nō kō'mĭs
sĭn'ews
Ē'wa yea
owl'ĕt
Ĭsh'kōō dah

fī'er ў
flar'ing

141
Mĭn ne wa'wa
Mud way-
aush'ka

142
hĕav'en
prāi'rĭe
pĕr'ĭsh
nā'tĭve

143
bēa'vers

144
shĭm'mer ing
an'chor (ăn'ker)

145
Zuy'der Zee'
(zī'der zē')
Sta'vō ren
wĕalth
ĭn crēas'ing
căp'taĭn
pro cūre'
prĕ'cious

146
o pĭn'ion
ac cord'ing lў
haugh'ty
(haw'tў)

147
ĭm plōr'ing
dĕl'ĭ cate
pre par'ing

148
ĭm mē'dĭ ate lў
re pōrt'
ru'ĭned

149
mĭs'er a ble
prŏf' ĭt
con tĭn'ūed
nĕg lĕct'
cŏm'merce
trăf'fĭc

150
res'er voir
(rĕz'er vwor)
rude'lў
ăc'tu al lў

151
ān'cient
bĕl'frĭes

152
lĭn'nĕt
wĕath'er
brĭm'ful

153
jour'ney (jer'nĭ)
rōgue

154
ĭn ter rŭpt'

155
ĭm pŏs'sĭ ble
to'ward (tō'erd)
brĭdge

157
shep'herds
(shĕp'erds)
nurs'er ў

159
crĭsp'ў
Cŏl'ŭmb kĭll
Sliēve lēague

163
găl'lop ing
com mō'tiоn
scăt'ter ing
whĭsk'ing
mer'cĭ lĕss
squalls (skwolz)
lŭst'ĭ er
trŭn'dled
ur'chĭns
thiēv'ĭsh
mā'tron lў
sa lūte'

164
sŭlk'ў
mūte

cā'per ing
hus'tle (hŭs'l)

165
mŏn'stĕr
a larm'
ker'chĭefs
pōul'trў
thătch
thrĕat'ened

166
hŏl'i dāy
bĭl'low ў
stăg'ger ing

167
Ar'bu tus
pătch'ĕs

168
tĭm'ĭd

169
chĭll'ў
mer'cў
com plāin'

170
dĭs turbed'
shĭv'er ing
com plēte'lў

171
wăx'ў

frĭnge
mŏd'ĕst

172
er'mĭned
rough (rŭf)

174
ar rāyed'
sprĕad

175
quar'reled
shĕr'ĭff
fŏr'ĕst ers
Sher'wo͝od
Nŏt' ting ham-
shire
Hūgh Fĭtz'o͝oth

176
pos sĕs'sion
Măr'ĭ an
wrēath

177
tour'na ment
(to͝or'na ment)
blĭthe'lў
cŏn'tĕst

178
tar'gĕt
at tĕmpt'ĕd
sēize

181
ĕx ceed'ing lў
haugh'ti ly
(haw'tĭ lĭ)
pre fer'
ap plaud'ĕd
hĭn'der
stalked (stawkt)

182
săv'age lў
gĭg'gle
sneered
scrăm'ble
stur'dў
cov'ĕt ĕd
piērced
trī'ŭmph

183
sāge
de spīse'
sŭl'len

184
tour'ney
(to͝or'nĭ)
dĭs plēased'
swōre
prĭs'on
proud

185
dĭs guīse'

186
hĕr'ald
an nounced'
re ward'
tar'gĕts
bŏnd'age
găl'ler ў
de ter mĭ nā'tion
trĭ'ŭmph

187
de ri'sion
(de rĭzh'un)
height (hīt)

188
ē'qual lў
square'lў
ar rānged'
re quīred'

189
quĭv'er
ĕx ăm'ĭned
re sound'
mĕr'rĭ ĕst
be stōw'
wor'thĭ lў

191
whĭz'zing
un wound'
cŏm'plĭ ments
hēre'to fōre

192
flow'er ĕt
a new'

193
whĭsp

194
bŏb'-o'-lĭnk

196
wŏve
ĭn trude'
bro͝od

197
vĕn'ĭ son
com'pa nў
mĭs for'tune
ăd vĕn'ture

198
rē'cent
ŏp'po sīte
re tort'ĕd
hĕav'ĭ er

199
o pĭn'ion
cŭdg'el

200
gī'ant
op pōsed'
măn'aged

201
quĭts
dĭf'fer ence

202
ŭn cĭv'ĭl
thrĕat
tāst'ў

204
haw'thorn
nĕst'lĭngs
hā'zel

205
Frĭ'ar Tŭck
Ăl'lan-a-Dāle
knowl'edge
(nŏl'ĕj)

206
dăm'sel
ĕn lĭv'en

207
hĕav'ĭ ĕst

208
wrĭn'kle
pro nounce'
Lin'coln
(lĭnk'un)

210
thrōat
ăm bĭ'tion

211
pĕt'als

212
fŏl'low ers
strōll'ing
băb'bling

213
purse
ŭn ĕas'ĭ lў

214
bĭdst
ĕx ăm'ĭne
con tĭn'ŭe

215
de lĭv'er

216
strāight'en

217
eў'ing
me thĭnks'
mĕr'rĭ er
bru'tal
răs'cal

218
con cēaled'
ĕx cūse'
ad vanc'ing
Lin'coln shire

219
yeō'man
ĕs pīed'
re liēve'

220
thrĭce
văl'ūe
grĭst
af fairs'

222
wiēld'ing
dĕalt
var'lĕt

223
vĭl'laĭn
chris'tĕn
(krĭs'n)
Mĭdge

224
căr'ol
proph'et
(prŏf'ĕt)
ŭn chĭd'den
ŭn bĭd'den
gauz'ў

225
tў'rant
swōrn
of fĕnse'

226
stal'wart
palm'er
(pahm'er)

227
rūs'tĭc
pro pōsed'
bar'ter

228
cūs'tom
băl'lad
bar'gain (gĕn)
quāint
con dŭct'

229
ăb'sence
tour'ney
(tōōr'nĭ)
Fĭns'bur y

230
cŏm'răde

231
pro dūce'

232
Tēp'us
hăl'i dom

233
swerved

234

coy
Geof'frey (jĕf'rĭ)
fā'vor ĭte
dĭs ap point'
ap plaud'ĕd
văn'quĭshed
ĕx'cel lent

235

măj'ĕs tў

236

twāin

dun'geons (dŭn'jŭns)
ar rĕst'

237

gar'ters
smŏck
wēave
thyme (tīm)

238

re joiced'
cru sāde'
mirth

240

yiēld'ing
găl'lant
sŭb'jĕcts
ăp'pe tīte

241

thrōat
prăc'tĭce
bŭf'fĕt
kneeled

242

knelt (nĕlt)

243

sĭre
Earl of Hunt'ing ton

244

sătch'el
sēa'son
sŏr'rel

245

ĭm part'


A
B
C